

COUNTRY LIFE

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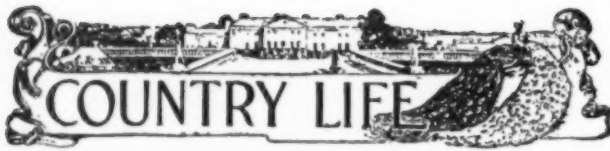
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RITA MARTIN.

VISCOUNTESS GLADSTONE.

74, Baker Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: Viscountess Gladstone	73, 74
The Revolt of Field-faring Women. (Leader)	74
Country Notes	75
Viatium, by Angela Gordon	75
The Chessmen, by J. H. Macnair	76
Nature's Patterns in Sand and Snow. (Illustrated)	77
In the Garden: Some Beautiful Winter-flowering Shrubs: The Wych Hazels, etc. (Illustrated)	79
Winter Sports. (Illustrated)	81
Tales of Country Life: The Costly Ring, by Arthur Ransome	83
The Heid Horseman, by Violet Jacob	84
Bookplates, Ancient and Modern: II.—Bookplates in England, by J. F. Badeley. (Illustrated)	85
Hagenbeck's Zoo at Olympia. (Illustrated by G. D. Armour)	87
Country Home: Stowe.—III. (Illustrated)	90
O'er Field and Furrow. (Illustrated)	99
Literature	101
From the Porch (Lady Ritchie); Hunting the Elephant in Africa (Captain C. H. Stigand); A Grammar of English Heraldry (W. H. St. John Hope); South Sea Shipmates (John Arthur Barry); Hagar (Marj. Johnston); Fortune's Frown (John Blundell-Burton).	
Agricultural Notes	102
On the Green: Great Shots in Golf: II.—With the Rubber-cored Ball, by F. Kinloch. (Illustrated)	103
Bombus, the Humble Bee.—I., by The Master of Christ's	104
Wild Country Life. (Illustrated)	105
Correspondence	106
Wild Gardening in Rocky and Waste Sites (Gertrude Jekyll); The Country House Dairy (S. F. Edge); Twelve Outdoor Books (Charles Christie); The Pleasures of Being a "Shrubber" (Robert W. Wallace); The Snail's Footprint's (Maud D. Haviland); The Meandering Road (C. H. M. Johnstone); Left to Ruin (G. A. M. Baker); Siamese Art (R. Langton Douglas); The Traquair Mill- stone (George W. Constable); The Waterwheels of Hama (H. J. Shepstone); An Old Sundial (George M. Morris); Albino Water Shrew (Oldfield Thomas); Pigeons Under Eaves; The Buffaloes of Kutias (Rev. C. H. Dick).	
Racing Notes. (Illustrated)	3*
Kennel Notes, by A. Croxson Smith. (Illustrated)	4*
Small Country Buildings of To-day: Two Squash Racket Courts. (Illus- trated)	7*
National Competition: Cottage Designs	11*
Shooting Notes: The Championship Retriever Trials, by Douglas Cairns; etc. (Illustrated)	12*
The Automobile World: Random Comment, etc. (Illustrated)	18*
Modes and Moods. (Illustrated)	27*
For the Reference Shelf	30*
Books Received	30*
For Town and Country	32*

THE REVOLT OF FIELD- FARING WOMEN.

A CONTRIBUTION to our Agricultural Notes this week will, we are sure, attract the attention of everyone interested in the rural life of Great Britain. We refer to "J. C.'s" on "Labour in the North." "J. C." as many of our readers know, is a practical agriculturist whose knowledge of the labouring classes in his own district is probably unrivalled, and has been appealed to more than once by the Board of Agriculture. He writes from what has long been considered the paradise of the agricultural labourer. Most of the grievances of which Southern workers complain do not exist in Northumberland. There cash wages rule among the highest in the kingdom, and they are supplemented by the most liberal perquisites and indirect earnings. But until now the district to which Northumberland belongs has been noted also as one in which women workers continued to be employed by the farmers after they had practically ceased to be in other parts of the kingdom. Sir H. Rider Haggard has made this statement about the Eastern Counties and been questioned for doing so. The casual traveller, either through East Anglia or through the Home Counties, may occasionally see bands of women gathering stones, hoeing and performing

several similar tasks on the land. These, however, are in a very few cases regular workers. They are mostly either single women or widows who have been wrecked in life and have no other means of picking up a slight livelihood. In not a few cases they are the wives of men either too lazy to work themselves or addicted to habits whose indulgence is so costly as to leave little over for the family. They would scarcely be worth mentioning in this connection were it not that one or two zealous reformers have gone out with their notebooks and stigmatised field-faring women generally as a degraded class, because they have sought in vain for refinement among these waifs and strays. It would be as fair to study the ways of charwomen and describe them as those of ordinary domestic servants.

But in Southern Scotland and the six Northern Counties of England, women still work in the fields as a regular calling. Their doing so is not caused by misfortune or distress; on the contrary, it can be traced to the fact that men, owing to the counter attractions of the coal pits and the manufacturing towns, can with difficulty be obtained. In consequence, it is not at all unusual for women to receive in Northumberland as much money per week as is paid in some of the Southern Counties to a man who has a wife and children to maintain. It is, in fact, the wage that has kept the woman worker going so long. But now, "J. C." avers, the day of her revolt has come. The truth of this statement no one who has a knowledge of the facts will dispute; it marks no sudden resolution, on the part of the women, but only the culminating point in a reluctance to do field work that has been growing and spreading for many years. To trace it to its origin is, perhaps, not so difficult as might appear. Those women in the past suffered from the disadvantage attending an odious name. They were called bondagers, and the word "bondager" was taken to be the equivalent of slave by those who judged only from the surface. They appeared to be confirmed in this view by the vigorous protest which was made against this kind of labour in the famous report on the employment of women and children in agriculture. But it was not to any slavery or to any ignoble labour that Bishop Fraser and his colleagues objected; the fault of the arrangement was that it produced conditions that lead to immorality. In "Stephen's Book of the Farm" it is said: "The first class of ploughmen were each bound to supply a field-worker for the farm during the year . . . these latter have long been designated by the odious name of bondagers." A small two-roomed cottage with box beds was ill-suited to the accommodation of a stranger girl as well as grown-up sons. The system has been in disuse now for over half a century; but the name still clings and casts a certain reproach on the estate of the field-worker. The older generation did not, perhaps, care so much; but it is scarcely to be wondered at that girls who have been very well educated at the elementary schools and who have come into touch with modern ideas should be inclined to revolt. The work done by these women is coarse and hard. It may amount to anything, from lifting manure to tossing hay. Certainly it has produced a wonderfully healthy type of womanhood; but modern refinement rebels. Thus in the last district where women are employed as field-workers and are well paid for their services, the arrangement seems likely to come to an end. Our correspondent naturally dwells less on the fact of the women's revolt than on the possibilities of averting its consequences. He makes the suggestion that young children from Dr. Barnardo's or other homes should be brought up on the land and taught agriculture, thus entering upon a sort of recolonisation of the rural districts. This has been tried with good results in the Highlands of Scotland. But our correspondent has not, perhaps, gone into the subject so thoroughly as to know that the only way to succeed is to secure children of about three or four; if they are older they carry corruption to the rural districts.

OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION

OUR portrait illustration is of Viscountess Gladstone, who sailed last Saturday to rejoin her husband in South Africa. Lady Gladstone is the youngest daughter of the late Right Hon. Sir Richard Paget, Bart., and was married to Lord Gladstone in 1901.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY NOTES



MR. A. J. BALFOUR is not a vain man, but he may be forgiven if he regarded the extraordinarily enthusiastic reception accorded to him at Glasgow, when he delivered the first of his Gifford Lectures, as equivalent to the verdict of posterity. It was a mixed audience that he addressed, and included a large number of citizens and students, as well as the teaching staff of the University. There could be no leaning to one political party in an audience so constituted, and yet the enthusiasm was so great that the reporters were unable to describe it adequately. Mr. Balfour has intimate relations with the University at Glasgow; he is one of the two ex-Prime Ministers who have been Lord Rector, the other being Lord Rosebery; but the cordiality of his reception can be accounted for only as a verdict upon his past public life. Political discussion blinds those who take part in it to the outstanding merits of great personalities. The followers of Fox could never appreciate the merits of William Pitt as they stand out now unquestioned; and it is the same with all who have been sweating fighters in the dust and turmoil of political battle. But behind all this noise the enduring public opinion is gradually getting itself formed, and undoubtedly it will be that Mr. Arthur Balfour was one of the most commanding personalities of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

The lecturer's subject was not disclosed till the meeting had assembled, but it will be recognised as one eminently suitable alike to the author of "The Foundations of Belief" and to an audience whose forefathers for many generations have lived in an atmosphere of theological speculation. It is "Theism," and, of course, in his first lecture Mr. Balfour did not get much further than the clearing of the ground and the laying of a foundation for what is evidently intended to be a substantial and imposing edifice. He is devoting twenty lectures to the completion of the work, and they will be delivered in two successive years. Mr. Balfour has this great aptitude for discussing such a question; that his mind ever was, and probably to the end of his days ever will be, open to such new light as dawns upon his generation. At least, his intellect as yet shows no sign of induration; it is as plastic as that of the youngest of his hearers. He began by pointing out that during the last fifteen years physicists have radically changed their point of view. Huxley, Tindall and their contemporaries had to do a great deal of smashing among the idols of their day; but they, as a rule, maintained a reserved judgment as to the final conclusion. They recognised that Darwin and his fellow workers had practically brought into existence a new cosmogony; but it did not lie on them to say that in the end the new facts would be found antipathetic to what Mr. W. E. Gladstone called "the solemn voice of the Ages." It will be very interesting to watch how Mr. Balfour develops his theme. There is no one whom we know who unites in himself so closely the sympathies of the extreme schools: the orthodox know his wish to believe; the unorthodox, his courageous acceptance of facts.

On Monday, Mr. R. H. Rew, the able Assistant Secretary to the Board of Agriculture, gave some very interesting evidence before the Dominions Royal Commission. No one is more conversant with the statistics relating to this subject and the causes producing them. Take, for example, his commentary on the increase in agricultural labourers shown

to have occurred between the years 1901 and 1911. The total increase was 40,000; but Mr. Rew pointed out that it could be accounted for largely by the fact that in 1901 many agricultural labourers were absent with the Militia at the South African War. Yet, even if there were, say, 40,000 agricultural labourers absent in 1901, the fact would remain that the extraordinary fall which had taken place between 1891 and 1901 had not been maintained. Mr. Rew drew special attention to a statement by the Registrar-General, who had caused enquiry to be made into the facts in 581 rural parishes. Out of the total, only sixteen parishes had increased their population by purely agricultural development; in 296 the cause was residential—that is to say, they were situated in the neighbourhood of towns and had attracted dwellers from them who were taking advantage of the new travelling facilities; in 142, colliery; and in fifty-eight, manufacturing development accounted for the increase, and the others were due to miscellaneous causes.

Cross-examined by Sir H. Rider Haggard, Mr. Rew gave several reasons for the large emigration which has taken place. The lack of prospects and the shortage of cottages were the most substantial of the reasons he adduced; but others of a complex character are also in operation. The difficulty of acquiring land in this country is a real grievance; but unless a grant of free land and State facilities such as were provided in the Dominions were made, he admitted that Canada would continue to have the pull over the Mother Country in the competition for agricultural labour. Perhaps the most important of the statements made by him was that it is not for the good of this country that so many agricultural labourers should go to the Colonies; Great Britain is being stripped of her thew and sinew. There is nothing new in this declaration; it has been made many times before; but it derives weight in this instance from the fact that it came from one of the most responsible officials of the Board of Agriculture and was addressed to a Royal Commission from the Dominions.

VIATICUM.

Dear, I have done; there is no more to say.
All woe that is, all woe that used to be,
Leave in my keeping—they are safe with me!
Nor fret yourself for lost love's disarray,
But take the memory of one golden day
To light your footsteps with its afterglow
Adown the waiting years. . . . So loth to go?
Take all the joy, then! Yonder lies your way.

ANGELA GORDON.

In an interesting lecture on "The Medical Profession and National Insurance" at the Central Hall, Westminster, on Monday, Sir John Collie criticised very severely the panel system of the National Insurance Act, and outlined a scheme for a State Medical Service which, he maintained, would not only be more efficient, but would also be more economical than the extravagant panel system. The lecturer said that the panel system had failed in respect to its main object—the treatment of cases of serious disease, which had to go to the charitable institutions, and only provided for trivial ailments. Further, there were no proper facilities for the diagnosis of cases, the arrangements for surgical appliances were inadequate, and there was no provision for insured persons who were ill when out of their own districts on business or on a holiday. Moreover, the National Insurance scheme does not cover all classes of those who cannot afford to pay for proper medical attention, or the dependents of the workers themselves. In brief, he proposed to establish a complete State service of consultants, surgeons, specialists and general practitioners in large centres, and arrange for a part-time service of specialists in smaller places to provide for the adequate treatment of all who could not provide it for themselves.

Following up the suggestion on which we commented last week, that a great deal might be done to beautify Edinburgh Castle by sowing upon it suitable rock plants, Miss Jekyll sends us a most interesting and important letter this week. She enlarges the proposal far beyond its original dimensions, and points out that not only Edinburgh, but Stirling Castle and many of the other grim memorials of a harder age than this in Scotland might be made pleasant to look upon by a discreet and well-considered use of simple flowers. She is very far indeed from advocating the

transformation of these stern old fortresses into elaborate flower gardens; to do that would be no great honour to the past; but they might be made to possess what she calls "a more intimate beauty" by an application of the rock gardener's skill. Miss Jekyll also suggests that much could be done in mining districts by judicious gardening at the pit mouth. No doubt this is so; but already much has been done by forestry in these directions.

After two days of bitter north and north-east winds, the snow to-day (Monday afternoon) has been for several hours floating down in large, slow, languid flakes. They have not been thick enough to constitute a storm, and yet seem to contain the threat of a heavy fall, especially as the weather forecast tells of a lower temperature. The difference between town and country in regard to snow is that in the former it never is either pleasant or welcome and in the latter it is both. At this time of year the English farmer is at his jolliest. Probably there is no man on earth who enjoys the week after Christmas as much. In the first place, idleness is almost forced upon him. His autumn crops are in; the ground is too wet and sodden for him to do much towards the preparation of those of spring; and the days are so short that progress in anything is almost infinitesimal. The sharp frost facilitates work requiring little oversight. It hardens the ground, so that without doing the soil any injury the carting of manure and jobs of that sort can be performed that have been, as a matter of fact, saved up for such weather. And such land as is lying in drills or trenches derives enormous benefit from frost and snow, which break up the clods better than any roller and make a beautifully fine tilth round the young wheat plants.

Another very interesting letter on gardening is that which Mr. Wallace contributes in praise of shrubs. His plea is in large measure addressed to those who have grown old in the pursuit of their hobby. In early days an excess of energy can be worked off in the way of planting those things which give of their beauty only for a short season and require constant care and renewal; but later on in life a deeper pleasure is taken in the growth of shrubs and trees. The gardener feels in planting and tending these that he is not only ministering to his own pleasure, but doing something for those that come after. Besides, a day comes when the most energetic of us, instead of loving to handle a garden tool with the energy and quickness of a student at a horticultural college, takes more pleasure in sauntering down the walks and watching things grow and develop. You cannot do that even with herbaceous flowers; their life is short compared with that of the tree; your friendship with the latter is, as far as the subject is concerned, practically endless, for it will bring forth its leaves and flowers and berries long after your eyes have ceased to witness the fact.

In the course of the speech made by Prince Arthur of Connaught at the opening of the new building of the National Hospital for Diseases of the Heart, reference was made to one of the most wonderful modern aids to hospital work, namely, the electro-cardiograph. The conditions which it is intended to ameliorate were that previously every patient had to get out of bed before the heart could be properly examined, and in a great number of delicate and critical cases this was a dangerous proceeding. Moreover, it occupied a very large portion of the physician's time. By means of the contrivance in question, the heart conditions of the patients can be studied more easily while they lie in bed. A nurse can fit the apparatus to the heart, and wires carry the message to the specialist, who can take his readings of the heart without leaving his post. Prince Arthur very properly described the electro-cardiograph as one of the most complicated and scientific instruments of the age, and he paid a deserved compliment to Professor Waller, who devised it and under whose direction it was installed in the hospital. The plea which followed this description, that his hearers should generously support the work, is one that ought to meet with a very hearty response everywhere.

If we had needed further proof that Association football, with a few bright exceptions, has entirely become a matter of business and of money-making, and that there does not remain to it even the last vestige of the sporting spirit, such proof would be fully supplied by the action of the team of

Warrington players in "striking," and refusing to play in a match on their fixture card, because they had not received the "bonus," to which they deemed themselves entitled, for a former match. But, as a matter of fact, no such proof is needed. We have long been obliged to accept the situation, which is not a very pretty nor pleasant one. The purely professional football, considered with a sole eye to the profits to be extracted from it, has its own uses. It is the amusement, and almost the only amusement, of a vast number of spectators all through the season. Without it their lives would be even more monotonous. And therefore it justifies its existence. But obviously it has no more affinity with true sport than a cinematograph of a football match.

The follower of the gentle craft of fly-fishing has been rather astonished to find himself in the pillory as guilty, in an accessory manner, of acts of cruelty in depriving rare and exotic birds of their feathers, if not of their lives, in order to supply him with his lures. Cruelty might conceivably be charged against those who angled with a living lure, though no doubt they too could put up a stout defence for their practices, but the fly fisherman has deemed himself free of all offence, and free we must believe him to be. In the first place, the use of any of these rare feathers in the making of his flies is a very small one. It is only occasionally, and by way of a freak of fancy, that he employs a feather which is not of a common kind; and in the second place it is really only by way of experiment, and for fun, that he fishes with these uncommon lures. We—that is to say, the angling community in general—like to talk a good deal about the various flies and how a fish which has refused the one has greedily accepted the other, but in the hearts of all of us is the conviction that the fish is not really so particular to a shade and to a feather, and we should all be perfectly ready to forswear the use of any fly of which it could be demonstrated that the procuring of its component parts entailed cruelty to any living thing.

THE CHESSMEN.

Daddy has a box of toys I badly need to play,

He says they're not for little boys and puts them right away,

High upon the bureau shelf, where I can scarcely see—

But when he cannot play himself he'd surely lend them me.

I climbed up on the armchair back and just could reach them down.

I know the kings both white and black because they wear a crown.

The little soldiers in a row I set in front on guard.

The towers in the corners go, the horses in the yard.

I stepped and killed a soldier dead, but there are plenty more;

I think the queen without her head looks prettier than before,

I'll build the bricks round like a frame roofed with the silver tray.

Oh, Daddy will enjoy the game I've taught his toys to play.

J. H. MACNAIR.

The institution, of which we hear, of a Badger Club in North Devon is to be taken as evidence that in this part of the country at least, which is a great haunt of the badger, the welfare of the poor beast will receive serious and humane attention. Like other people, the badger does both good and evil, and to strike the correct balance between his qualities and defects is not easy, but it is certain that where he exists in numbers that are no more than moderate the damage that he does, save in exceptional cases, is negligible. The main purposes of the newly formed club are to ensure the hunting, that is to say, the digging out, of the badger in a proper manner, to give him a close time during the breeding season, free from molestation, and to supply the farmers and keepers with a centre to which they may apply, in case of their badgers becoming unduly numerous, to have them reduced. Something is also said about improving the breed of terriers for going to the badger underground; but since this is a form of courage which some terriers of all breeds have, while others, of all breeds, are without, it seems a less

important point. The point of real importance is that such a club as this must help in the formation of a humane public opinion as regards the badger, and we hope that the example of North Devon will be followed elsewhere.

Cicero has said, of those who professed the art of divination from the movements of birds, that he was surprised that any two of them should be able to pass each other in the street without a mutual grin at their own absurd pretensions. In these latter days we have a belief that the birds can tell us something, if not all that the ancient seers claimed for them; and if their evidence is to be accepted as of any worth

at all, the coming spring and season of the new life should be distinctly earlier than usual. In London those birds which are so wild in their native haunts, but as tame as poultry in our parks, the wood-pigeons, have already begun setting their last year's nests in order. There are a pair in the ecclesiastical precincts of Dean's Yard in Westminster, and on the morning of January 8th one of these was sitting on its nest for a long while, arranging a stick here and there that had come out of place, and during most of the day the pair were coming to and fro the branches about the nest, evidently with a view to serious domestic business in the very near future.

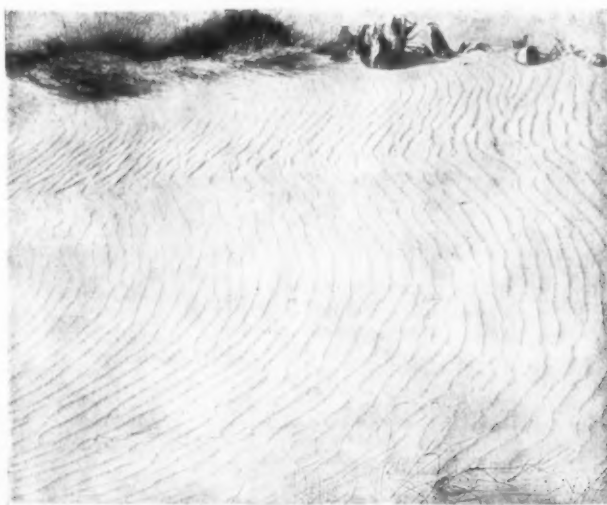
NATURE'S PATTERNS IN SAND AND SNOW.

SINCE Sir Thomas Browne wrote his treatise on the Quincunx the attention of students of the curious, whether they were animated by a zeal for science or a love of the beautiful, has often been drawn to the fidelity with which Nature reproduces the same pattern under what are apparently very different circumstances. That she does so was recognised in the nomenclature of the horticulturist, when a certain bulb was



REED FENCE FORMING SAND DRIFT (NEAR HELWAN).

described as a pheasant-eyed narcissus. The pheasant's eye is one of Nature's favourite ornaments. Mr. Theodore Cook, in an essay almost as learned as that of the great Norwich physician, has traced the spiral through the myriad forms it assumes in Nature, and others have chosen portions of the same area of knowledge for their investigation. But none of them has brought more light to bear on the subject



ÆOLIAN SAND RIPPLES AT SOUTHBOURNE.

than Mr. Vaughan Cornish, who made a unique fame for himself when he published his "Waves of the Sea and other Water Waves." It was a delightful piece of writing, learned and yet simple, exact, but wonderfully free from technical terms, and interesting for the light it shed on the effect of ocean waves, of progressive waves in rivers and other phenomena of a similar kind. Fortunately for us, he has found the field so fascinating that it induced him to extend his study of "the undulating inequalities" which wind makes upon the sea, and he has embodied the result of his

researches in a new book on "Waves of Sand and Snow," which has just been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Mr. Vaughan Cornish possesses the cautious scientific temperament to a marked degree, and it restrains him from going off into a great number of generalisations and abstractions. His work



EROSION STRUCTURES SHOWING STRATIFICATION (SNOW).

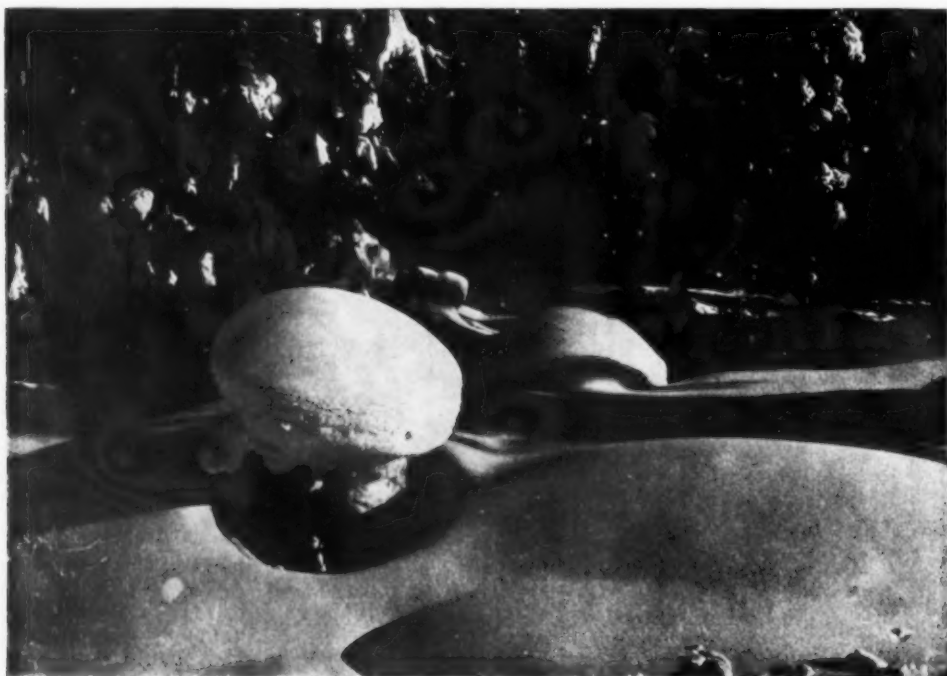
is interesting chiefly for its fine and accurate observation and for the feeling it gives of the beauty inseparable from many of the phenomena described. He tells us that in 1899 he was staying at Helwan on the Upper Nile, which is probably the most advantageous place in the world for studying sand waves. The circumstances under which he did his work on this occasion must have made it sufficiently difficult. His second visit was paid to the sand-bank when a "fresh breeze" was blowing, that is to say, the wind was travelling at a velocity of twenty-one miles an hour. The quantity of sand flying suspended must have been immense, as it formed a thick haze of twenty or thirty feet high, so that it was necessary to protect the eyes, nose and ears from the particles, and even then prolonged observations were attended by considerable discomfort. But we imagine that in such circumstances Mr. Cornish was in his glory, and he succeeded in making a very interesting table showing for a continuous series of twenty-four the length of each wave and its height. The average length of the waves was thirty-six inches, and the average height one foot eight inches. Subsequent observations went to show that this relative proportion was closely if not exactly observed, not only in Egypt, but in Devonshire. Very few people till they come to look into the matter will recognise the care and patience which have to be exercised in order to analyse the action of wind upon sand. Even were there no intervention, the effect of the wind varies according to its force. Blowing over loose sand, it is sometimes overcharged and drops more than it picks up; that is to say, it silts. Occasionally the amount which it picks up is the same as that which it drops, and it then neither silts nor scours. Sometimes it picks up more than it drops, and then it scours. In the first of these conditions and, perhaps, in the second, the amount of sand would be deposited when the two whirls of air coming from right and left met under



BOSSSES OF SNOW (GLACIER HOUSE, B.C.).

the peak. In the last you have erosion. We are summarising the author's language here because it contains a hint that will be of so much service to other observers. For a similar reason we are going to apply the same method to his description of the process "which, I believe, originated the Æolian sand waves upon the Helwan sand bank." The explanation commends itself to common sense. In the first place the mere rolling of sand grain along the surface does not produce waves, that is more in the nature of a running snowstorm. The effect on the surface is for the wind in this case to obliterate transverse inequalities as the little rolling stones accumulate in the holes when the forward velocity of the wind parallel to the surface is least and the resistance to forward rolling is greatest. Waves in drifting sand are made by quite a different process. In it the wind picks up the grains of sand, carries them for some distance in suspension, and then drops them. As this kind of blowing and rolling go on at the same time the result is composite. Again, when the sand is drifting in suspension, a uniform result will follow only when the amount picked up is equal to the amount dropped. But as wind of the velocity required to pick up sand and hold it in suspension is seldom a steady current, but varies to the

amount of 50 per cent. every few minutes, even in open places, and when there are obstructions as much as 100 per cent., uniform sand drift on any large scale is practically impossible. Our illustration, showing an accumulation of blown sand caused by a fence of reeds, will strengthen the force of these remarks. It would be delightful to follow Mr. Vaughan Cornish further in his enquiry into the formation of Æolian sand ripples. Particularly interesting was the experiment of his hiring a room and the necessary appliances at a factory, where designs are cut in stone and glass by means of a blast of hot sand. A strong blast of air applied to the lag gravel made the small pieces of gravel rattle as they rolled, but produced no sign of rippling. When he mixed some fine sand with it, however, ripples appeared



A "BUTTON MUSHROOM" IN SNOW.

and quickly became regular. This gave the cue to his explanation of the rippling action. His investigations afterwards carried him to Canada. He crossed from Montreal to Vancouver and back again, and it was there that he saw the mushrooms and bosses of snow whose explanation is included in this book, although the forms are not waves or produced by eddies. In the beginning of the year 1901 there was plenty of "zero weather" in Canada, and he had opportunities of studying the snow particles when they were perfectly dry and not adhering to one another. The observations he made were highly interesting; the snow waves advanced "about two hundred times as fast as the rate of advance which I observed in the Æolian sand waves in a wind of rather less strength." This, however, was not an average advance.

Under precisely similar conditions he considers the rate of snow would be fifty times as great as that of the sand. He found that the snow waves were not rippling upon the surface, and says: "The reason of this is, no doubt, that the friable snowflakes provided no obstructions to take the place of the coarser sand-grains which, travelling only on the surface and forming an eddy-making barrier when they accumulate, produced the rippled surface of the sand-waves in the manner which I have already explained." All this will be read with the very greatest interest. The similarity of pattern produced by Nature in the action of wind upon sand and upon snow shows that the forces at work are fixed in character, and whatever variation may occur in the results is due to difference in the material. The study of snow-drifts has engaged the attention of most of us to a

eddy must play a considerable part in laying out and piling up the snowdrifts. Mr. Cornish suggests that an eddy should be observed by fixing a board in a vertical position athwart a stream, the board being just submerged. The



SAND RIPPLED BY TWO SETS OF WAVES, WHICH WERE PROBABLY SIMULTANEOUS (GRANGE, LANCS.).

disturbance on the surface of the water will then enable the containing curve of the eddy to be easily traced. His directions are too detailed for quotation, although by no means too much so to be put into application. But we must give the conclusion in his own words: "The outline as one looks down upon the surface of the water is similar to that of fish as we see them from above lying head up-stream. The eddy-curve (on which, as I shall endeavour to show, sand-dunes, snow-waves, and snowdrifts are moulded) is the boundary-line on either side of the axis of the eddy, the curve being precisely repeated, as in a reflection, by the other side. When I refer to the eddy-curve I mean therefore only one-half of the curve which encloses the area where the surface of the water shows eddying disturbance." Only one word more is there room for. The last pages of a book which is interesting from start to finish are on the ripple clouds called "mackerel sky," of which Ruskin wrote that "the vapour . . . falls into ripples like sand." Mr. Vaughan Cornish quotes Sir George Darwin's paper, "Ripplemark," to show how the results are produced, and then he goes on to make some acute observations of his own and to show some photographs which he took of a mackerel sky at Bournemouth. In conclusion, we can only thank the author for his most interesting and valuable work.



WAVE-CLOUDS, OR "MACKEREL SKY," SEEN NEAR BOURNEMOUTH, LOOKING SOUTH.

greater or lesser degree, and he has looked into them very casually indeed who is not aware that their forms must be susceptible of physical explanation. It is evident that the

would scarcely be noticed among the wealth of blossoms that surround us at that time; but coming as they do at this season, when even greenhouse flowers are scarce, it is difficult to understand why

IN THE GARDEN.

SOME BEAUTIFUL WINTER-FLOWERING SHRUBS: THE WYCH HAZELS.

ALTHOUGH there are a number of plants which flower naturally in the outdoor garden at mid-winter, it is exceptional to find them in any but the most extensive private collections. It is true that if these plants were to blossom in the summer, their flowers

would scarcely be noticed among the wealth of blossoms that surround us at that time; but coming as they do at this season, when even greenhouse flowers are scarce, it is difficult to understand why

they are not more widely known and cultivated. In the Wych Hazel or Hamamelis family we have several hardy shrubs of rare winter beauty, the older members of which have been known in a few gardens for quite a long time, but these have been almost eclipsed by the introduction, some twelve years ago, of a new species from China. This is known as *H. mollis*, and the accompanying illustrations, which are from photographs taken on Saturday of last week, indicate its bushy, spreading habit, and at the same time show the wealth of brilliant golden-hued blossoms with which the shoots are wreathed. These flowers are composed of long, narrow and very curiously crimped and twisted petals. When first grown it was considered necessary to provide this beautiful shrub with a mixture of light loam and peat, but I believe that the Hon. Vicary Gibbs has cultivated it with considerable success in the stiff clay soil that naturally prevails at Aldenham House, where, several years ago, there was a fine bush some five feet high. So far as our necessarily limited experience goes it does not seem to matter much what aspect is chosen, but always in planting one should select, if possible, a background of dark-leaved evergreens, such as Hollies or Yews, and a position that the rays of the sun can reach nearly all day long. This is not advised on account of shelter or warmth, which do not seem necessary, but merely to get the best effect when the shrubs are in flower. To see bushes such as those illustrated kissed by the winter sun and mirrored, as it were, in a sombre background of evergreens is a sight worth going far to see, and one that will not be readily effaced from memory.

Superior as this comparatively new species is to the older ones, the latter are well worth cultivating, as they flower at different periods of the winter. The best known is probably the North American Wych Hazel (*Hamamelis virginica*), which produces its yellow flowers in autumn, usually about October. As, however, it is in leaf at that time the blossoms often pass almost unnoticed. The Mansak of Japan (*H. arborea*) is a much more valuable shrub, or small tree, flowering as it does in January, immediately after, and occasionally at the same time as, *H. mollis*. It has deep yellow flowers, which are generally so freely borne as to create quite a shimmering cloud of gold in the winter landscape. Closely following *H. arborea* comes *H. japonica*, which has rather paler coloured flowers and is of a more lowly stature, while its variety *zuccariniana* has pale lemon-coloured flowers that appeal more to some tastes than those of deeper hue.



E. J. Wallis.

Copyright.

WINTER FLOWERING.

established, they look well after themselves, and need little attention beyond a slight thinning of the branches at rare intervals.

F. W. H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PLANTING BY BROADS AND IN MARSHLANDS.

SIR,—I have read with great interest the articles contributed under the heading "In the Garden," by Mr. W. Robinson. In his last, "Planting by Lake, River and Sea," he advises the Louisiana Cypress, which seems to be very much what I am looking for, but I do not know where to procure it. I own a house the grounds of which slope down to Oulton Broad on one side and Oulton Dyke on the other. Across the latter is a square piece of ground some two or three acres in extent, on which reeds alone are grown, but which would be capable of much beautifying by judicious planting of the right kind of trees. The land on that side of Oulton Broad is quite flat, and at certain high tides, especially in winter, slightly flooded, the water being, as you know, very slightly brackish. I suppose quite a number of trees and shrubs would thrive under these conditions in such rich deposits, and add much to the beauty of the landscape viewed from the rising ground on the opposite side. Could COUNTRY LIFE help me with some advice?—D. V. J.

[In addition to the Louisiana Cypress, the following trees are likely to give satisfactory results in the wet ground about the Oulton Broads: Cricket-bat willow (*Salix alba cœrulea*), *Salix babylonica*, *Taxodium distichum*, *Alnus glutinosa*, *A. incava*, *A. cordifolia*, *Picea Menziesii*, *Populus canscens*, *P. Eugenii*, *P. serotina* and *P. nigra*. You might also produce good winter effects by grouping the golden, red and glaucous-stemmed willows as undergrowth. These plants must

be cut to the ground each year in order to procure the richest coloured bark. Any really good nurseryman would, no doubt, be able to supply the plants which you have been unable to obtain.—ED.]



E. J. Wallis.

THE NEW WYCH HAZEL—HAMAMELIS MOLLIS.

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Although all the Wych Hazels are rather slow-growing it cannot be said that they are difficult to cultivate, ordinary well-drained garden soil apparently suiting them to perfection. Once

WINTER SPORTS, NOTES AND PROSPECTS.



Will Cadby.

THE CURLING RINK AT OBLADIS IN THE TYROL.

Copyright.

A NEW TYROLESE WINTER RESORT.

NO one minds the idea of a change, and so we are trying the Tyrol this winter before we go to Switzerland for skiing; and as we are no Tyrol devotees like the Kitzbühl set, we are able to take an unbiased view of the sporting conditions. The difference between Switzerland and Tyrol began very soon after we had crossed the border, for we left mud behind us and found snow—it was just before Christmas—so our first impressions were in favour of Tyrol. The railway between Feldkirch and Innsbruck is most beautiful, and as we neared the Arlberg the snow was four or five feet deep. In the Arlberg tunnel an amusing meal was served in the carriages on tin trays, which we held on our knees. As we were exactly twenty minutes going through the tunnel, it was rather opportune. Our destination was Obladis, a place which was starting its first winter season and had only been open for ten days. We left the train at Landeck, a picturesque Tyrol town, and stayed the night at the Post Hotel, a very comfortable inn which boasted a real old Tyrolese room, with real old pewter plates and jugs round the walls, and much of the furniture and carving was genuine. The next morning we were packed into a sleigh and driven for seven and a half miles along the valley of the Inn till we reached Prutz, a pretty village at the level of the stream, and from there we were advised to

walk the rest of the way—about one and a half hours—the luggage following on a mule-drawn luggage sleigh. An hour's climb brought us to Ladis, one of the most picturesque villages imaginable, some of the houses dating from the sixteenth century.

A ruined castle gives it just the right distinctive touch, and on a little hill near the road stand three life-sized crucifixes, representing Calvary.

The cold is extreme here. During an expedition one man has already suffered for his enthusiasm for photography with a frostbitten finger, and a girl's nose was only saved by timely rubbing with snow. This temperature is, however, exceptional, but as we have experienced nothing else, it is difficult to believe the skating rink can blister or thaw. To those of us who are more used to open country ski-ing, running through a wood is a strange experience, and Obladis is in the midst of a fir wood, so that, whichever direction one takes, one must go along a wood path. Some of the slopes, too, are more precipitous than the Swiss, and it is certainly not such straightforward going. The curling is excellent; the low temperature makes the ice, which is in perfect condition, and the rink itself is perched on the very edge of the steep side of the hill, and is the most beautifully situated curling rink we have ever seen. C. C.

THE ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR SKI RACE AT MURREN.

This race was run on January 6th in even worse conditions than fell to the



Will Cadby.

SKI-ING IN THE TYROL.

Copyright.

lot of the competitors in 1912. The course was the Schilthorn, instead of the one used in previous years. But it was found impossible to include the first 1,500ft., and the start had to be made in a blinding blizzard 300ft. below the top of the Engethal. Mr. J. L. C. Mercer started favourite and disappointed nobody except the takers of heavy odds. He alone escaped disaster in the first three-quarters of a mile downhill, but in the seven minutes' uphill climb that followed he was severely handicapped by having to make the track for his competitors in very heavy and difficult snow. He was, as a result, closely pressed across the flat that followed. The remainder of the course was downhill and, in the main, very steep, and all, without exception, came to grief, not once, but many times; it was, indeed, impossible to see 5yds. ahead. Mr. Meldall here came to the front. He is an inexperienced but very bold runner, and took everything straight. A severe fall close to home, however, made him a minute and a half late on Mr. Mercer, whose time was 14min. 40sec. for a course of 1,700ft., 7min. being spent on the stiff climb soon after the start. Of the others, Captain Kingston was unlucky in not obtaining a higher place than fourth. His comparative failure and that of Mr. Whale shows that, given such conditions, it is an eye for country and not a command of swings and turns that is of value to the ski-racer, though Mr. Mercer's performances in the "Klopfenstein" position undoubtedly made for his success. Lord Lytton, who was

to welcome the winning competitors. In the Long-distance Race the best time was made by Robert Hess, jun., who covered the distance to be run in 54min. 30sec.; the second to come in was Carl Zumstein, in 55min. 15sec. Junger Division: First, Ed. Amstutz; second, H. Amrhein. Ladies' Race: First, Fraulein L. Amrhein; second, Mrs. Berchtold. Visitors' Race: First, Herr Neimann; second, Mr. Chanton. Dawn Hill Race: First, Carl Zumstein; second, Joseph Zumstein. Ski-jumping: The Ski-jumping Contest was opened by Adolf Odermatt, the well known ski-runner, with a fine jump of 32 mètres. First in the jumping contest was Carl Zumstein, with 34 mètres; second, Herm Hess, with 32 mètres. Junger Division: First, Hans Amrhein; second, Jos. Amstutz. Still Junger Division: First, Hans Beerli; second, Anrnold Deschwanden. All the spectators were very much pleased to see the little boys jump so well. In the Skeleton Toboggan Race on Monday there were twenty starters. First, Herr von Stockar; second, Mr. Backer; third, Mr. Ayar; fourth, Mr. Morrice. The Bobsleigh Race for the International Cup could not take place last Tuesday, as there was a very heavy fall of snow. The weather is fine for all sports, and there is over three feet of snow.

LENZERHEIDE.

Skiing is always the chief sport at Lenzerheide, and so the question of snow is of paramount importance. The snow



Will Cadby.

OUT FOR A MORNING'S SKI-ING.

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making his first serious appearance as a ski-runner, had the very bad luck to break a ski, while Mr. Moir fell into a gully. Miss Lewes and Miss Sugden, the first ladies to enter for this event, finished notably high up, the former being in the first ten. The field of twenty-five was a record for this race. Mr. Mercer wins the Cup outright, this being his third victory. W. H. C.

AT MONTANA.

The winter sports season has been in full swing here for some three weeks. Nor can those to whom the sunshine is a chief desideratum in their winter holidays legitimately complain when, as on Monday last, the thermometer registers 100deg. Fahr. in the sun in front of this hotel. This was not, moreover, an isolated case, for, with the exception of three or four days at Christmas, it has not only been possible, but enjoyable to sit out every day for the past three weeks. The last two days have brought a heavy fall of snow, but no one has complained, as it was much wanted for ski-ing. The rinks, both skating and curling, have been in excellent condition, and have been in great request, especially the curling rink. P.

ENGELBERG.

The ski races in Engelberg took place last Saturday and Sunday. The snow was in perfect condition. Everything was well arranged by the Engelberg Sport Club, who are to be complimented. The tribune of the big jumping hill was very nicely decorated. There was a large crowd of at least 1,800 spectators

is unusually abundant and is in excellent condition. Hard frosts have been the rule, and both rinks are consequently in good order, under the careful supervision of Kaufmann, the same *Ober-eismann* as last year. On New Year's Eve the ski races were held on the slopes near the hotel, under the management of Mr. J. H. Fulton and Mr. L. Mercer, who acted as judges. The chief prize-winners were Miss Gertrude Blum, who has been a regular visitor to Lenzerheide since it was first opened as a winter resort, and Mr. F. Verner. At the fancy-dress ball in the evening, prizes were won by Mrs. Crawshaw Williams as a Golden Butterfly, and the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge, who very ingeniously represented a Brigand. The English Skating Competition, for which special prizes were presented by Mr. Cooke and Mr. Penny, was won by a team consisting of Mr. G. V. Mathews, Miss K. Abercrombie, Mr. Cooke and Mr. McNeill. A very successful ice carnival was held on the rink on January 5th. C. E. J.

VILLARS.

Villars has surely this year taken the first place among winter resorts with regard to the sports of this season. This is owing to the superb work of the funicular tram company, which has continued its line from Villars to Bretaye, 1,500ft. above, at a cost of a million francs. This railway is now open, and gives us the most extensive and most perfect ski-ing slopes known. The transit takes half an hour. Skating needs little mention. The rink—12,000 square mètres—is open, the ice is good, and once more curlers are to the fore. F. E. O.



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE COSTLY RING. A CAUCASIAN FOLK TALE.

Translated from the Russian by
ARTHUR RANSOME.



ONCE upon a time—I do not know where and I do not remember when—a certain man lived and died. That is an ancient custom in this world—man lives for a time, and dies. Well, this man died, and for a legacy he left a ring; not any kind of a ring, but with a precious stone in it of such value that a certain Jew on seeing it went instantly mad; he sold cheap and he bought dear, and the only reason why he did not kill himself was that the whole transaction did not amount to five kopecks (a penny farthing). Behold what kind of precious stone there was in that ring—on account of it a man was almost undone; a hundred towns and a hundred villages was the price of it, and if I had thrown my old wife into the bargain it would not have been too much. The dead man left the one ring, but he left three sons to share it—Kiko, Hecho and Vano. And the trouble was not that they had such names; the real difficulty was, how to divide the ring. If you and I had thought for a hundred years we should not have thought of a way, but the old woman, the mother of the lads, thought of it at once. She seized the ring and hid it.

"If you have it," says she, "somebody will steal it."

"Matoushka," the eldest son, Kiko, began to beg her, "give me my patrimony. Who will steal from me? Why, I stole the eggs of the raven out of her nest when she was sitting on them, and she did not stir."

"That is not much to boast of," said the middle brother, Hecho. "You forget that when you were climbing up the tree after the raven's eggs I took your trousers off your legs and you never noticed it."

"But I am as good as either of them," took up the youngest son, Vano. "Why, I cut the soles off their slippers while they were climbing up the tree. . . . Give the ring to me, O Matoushka."

"No," said the old woman, "I will not give it you. Truly says the proverb: 'Do not give a legacy to a stupid son, for it will bring him no good.' And you are actual fools, stealing eggs from the raven, and trousers and slippers from each other. What sort of profit was there in that?"

Now, over and above her three sons, the old woman had a daughter of such beauty that when you looked at her and for a long time afterwards you had to rub your eyes with your fingers as if you had been looking at the sun. And her mother loved and cared for her more than for her own soul; for she was an old woman of intelligence; well she knew that such a beauty might marry a prince and a rich one at that, and then she, as mother of the princess, would have great honour in the house of her son-in-law, especially if she gave as her daughter's dower the ring that was worth a hundred towns and villages.

The old woman cared for her daughter as for her own eyes, and was for ever telling her: "Do not go, O my darling daughter, into the forest on the Black Mountain. In that place, so they say, lives a terrible, hairy Ndemi giant. If he sees you he will carry you off . . . and how could he help carrying off such a beauty. Think, all the young men, for a week's journey on the roads, pay court to you; like pebbles in the stream are your admirers—peasants, merchants, noblemen, princes—and I have not yet chosen out the richest and most gracious as a son-in-law for myself. How would it be for me in the years of my old age, if I were to have as a son-in-law a hairy Ndemi in the forest?"

But her spoilt daughter did not pay much attention to her. She would take herself off and go after flowers or nuts into the forest on the Black Mountain. And once she walked and walked, but did not come home at night; she had fallen into the paws of the hairy Ndemi.

The old woman sobbed; she wept, she scratched her face, she tore out her hair; she beat herself with her fists, both on the breasts and on the head. She called her sons to her and said to them: "Ah! my sons, my brave lads! Go and look for your sister, my daughter, the light of my eyes, get her away from the wicked Ndemi, and bring her back to me, O my little bright sunshine! To the one of you who does this to him I will give his father's ring, which is worth a hundred towns and a hundred villages."

Instantly the youths made ready, Kiko, Hecho and Vano, and went to look for their sister. But where were they to seek her in the great wide world. They walked far and wide over the mountains, through the forests, through muddy swamps, over the quicksands and they came in the depths of the wilderness to a little hut. And at the threshold of the hut there sat an old woman so filthy and so ugly that the very sight of her would turn you sick.

"A good journey to you, young men," says the old woman. "Whither are you going?"

They told her. Says the old woman to them: "Well, you will not find this Ndemi, though you wander for a hundred years, unless I tell you the way. But, if you want me to help you, let one or other of you marry my lovely daughter. Already for twice forty years she has been waiting for a lover; and where is one to look for him in this wilderness?"

The brothers thought and thought. "There is nothing to be done—we must find our sister and earn the ring." They drew lots, and it fell to the eldest brother Kiko to marry the old woman's daughter.

When the old woman led the bride out of the hut poor Kiko nearly fell backwards. The mother was terrible, but the daughter was still more abominable. And the old woman praised her daughter, caressed her, and told her, moreover: "See, my darling, a husband has been found for you. He will give you food and drink, and will love you, and dress you in garments of gold. And I, the old woman, will come with you and eat his bread until I die. . . . You hear that, young man? If I give you my daughter, you must give shelter to me."

There was nothing to be done—they had to find their sister and earn the ring—and so the young man Kiko married the old woman's daughter, and they went on further, now five together. Oh, far they went, and into dark places, and they met many terrible things. They saw the savage Ochokochy folk, who live in the impassable forests and do not talk like people but howl like wolves, and do not know fire, which is the gift of God. They saw the water-sprite, the Chinka, as small as a two year old child, but its hair is silvery to the heels. They heard the Hadjee crying from far away, the lovely woman of the woods with green hair. And they did not go far from that place where the Tsaritsa of all the witches, the terrible Rokapi, is chained with bonds of hair to an iron pillar, a hairy skeleton with eyes that gleam like fire. They all went on and on together, and came at last to a little hut in an unknown place. And before the hut there was sitting an old woman, still older and still more loathsome than Kiko's mother-in-law.

They greeted her. They told her whither and for what purpose they were travelling. But the new old woman said to the first: "That is right, little sister; you have brought suitors; already my little daughterkin has been waiting for them for twice fifty years. If a loving bridegroom from among these young men takes her in marriage, I will help my son-in-law to send to sleep the Ndemi who has taken their sister and guards her day and night. And if he does not put him to sleep he will never get his sister from him, for this Ndemi crushes a hundred men with his finger as if they were flies."

There was nothing to be done—they had taken it upon them and they had to rescue their sister and earn the ring—so they drew lots, and it fell to the middle brother, Hecho, to marry the old woman's daughter. He spat and spluttered when he saw his bride, old, huckle-backed, and armless too; but he had to marry her. Hecho married, and they all went on together, now seven in number. They went on and on, no small way—farther than from the mouth to the nose (a common jocular expression)—and they saw many wonderful things, and came in the end to a third little hut; and on the threshold of that hut there was an old woman sitting. She was bent altogether into a bow, her nose rested in her bosom, and she was as bald as a knee.

Kiko and Hecho and their mothers-in-law exchanged greetings with her, and told her whither and for what purpose they were travelling. But she said: "Well, I thank you,

dear aunts, for bringing me a lover; I have already been waiting for him for twice sixty years. What a pity that dear mother is dead; she would have rejoiced on my account. Well, young man," she said to the youngest brother, Vano; "since you wish to rescue your sister and earn the ring, cherish me, a maid, as your wife. If not, you will not see your sister, even though my little younger aunt should show you where the Ndemi lives, even though my other aunt still has the herb her grandmother left her which has the power of putting that Ndemi to sleep. How will you bring the herb near him if I do not help you? Offer it to him!—why, he tears every stranger instantly asunder. But me he will not touch, because I am his goosip, and from old times have kept my friendship with him. I will put him to sleep with the herb, and bring you your sister . . . only marry me, sweetheart, if you please!"

What was to be done? When the young man Vano only thought of such a wife he turned sick at once. But there was no escape from the marriage. They had to rescue their sister and earn the ring. And his elder brother said to him: "What! Are we to have married our old hags for nothing? Marry, you also. It will be all the easier for you. At least you will have no mother-in-law."

The young man Vano married the old woman who for twice sixty years had been waiting for a lover. She said to him and his brothers: "Now wait for me here; in three days' time I will come back and bring you your sister alive and in good health."

And she went off. As she said, so she did. In exactly three days she came back and brought the young men their sister, alive and in good health. The brothers were about to rejoice over their sister—kissing and embracing each other—but the old women put a sudden stop to all that.

"There is no time for that sort of thing," they said, "we must escape. We have a long way before us, and the Ndemi has only fallen asleep for seven days and for seven nights. He will wake up, he will overtake us, no one of us will escape from death, unless we reach a place where many people dwell."

And they all started off, now nine in number, on the return journey. The seven days passed, during which the Ndemi slept, but they had not nearly reached the places where men live. And suddenly thunder sounded in the mountains behind them, the tall trees shook from side to side and cracked, and rocks rolled from the tops of the hills.

"Oh! Misfortune!" cried the old woman, "that Ndemi has waked and is pursuing us."

And the mother-in-law of the eldest brother, Kiko, flung a spindle behind her . . . there rose up tall, tall mountains, to the very sky, and the Ndemi had to pass over them. The travellers ran on. Suddenly the wind howled again behind them, the earth shook; the Ndemi had passed over the mountains, and was overtaking them. The mother-in-law of the middle brother, Hecho, flung behind her a comb . . . there grew up behind them, for a three-day journey, thick black forests; a snake could not crawl between the trees. But through that forest the terrible Ndemi forced his way, and broke a road for himself—it is still to be seen—and once more overtook the travellers. Then the wife of the youngest brother, Vano, flung a looking-glass behind her . . . and there spread behind them a wide sea. The forest-living Ndemi could not go into the water, and so he stopped on the shore. And then quickly they came in sight of the dwelling places of men, and after that the brothers, with their sister, with their wives, and with their mothers-in-law, made their way to their own village.

The old mother rejoiced unspeakably over her beloved daughter, and without dispute gave her sons their father's ring, that was worth a hundred towns and a hundred villages. And then there began among the brothers a quarrel as to which of them was the owner of the ring. The eldest brother, Kiko, said: "If I had not married, how should we have learnt where to find our sister? Yes, and my mother-in-law was the first to think how to stop the Ndemi when he was overtaking us. Mine is the ring!"

"What of that!" disputed the middle brother Hecho. "If I had not married and my mother-in-law had not given the herb of sleep, how should we have taken our sister from the Ndemi? I will not give up the ring."

Nor would the youngest brother, Vano, give way. "I," says he, "am the youngest, but my wife is older than either of yours, and on that account I should receive our father's ring. Besides, my wife brought our sister to us, and she put the Ndemi to sleep, and she, too, it was who finally put an end to his pursuit of us."

So the quarrel went on—Oh misfortune! From words to deeds they went; they came to blows; wives took their husbands' parts, mothers their daughters'. Clamour, uproar, yelping; the women, as is the custom, tugged at each other's hair. . . . Well, they fought and fought, and saw at last that however much they struggled there would be no end to their dispute. So they took the ring and went into the village, in order that the old men should come together and decide between them.

The old men came together, drank wine, which the brothers provided for them, and began to judge the matter. From the redness of the sky in the morning to the redness of the sky at night, they all sat there, forming their opinions, disputing and being reconciled. In the end they adjudged that the ring

should be divided equally among the three brothers. They looked for the ring . . . it was nowhere to be found. Someone had stolen it. Some said that it was that very Jew who had gone out of his mind, that he had come to the village and in the bustle had stolen the ring; others that they had seen how the raven from whose nest Kiko had stolen the eggs had flown away with the ring. But who knows the truth? The ring was lost that was worth a hundred towns and a hundred villages; it was lost and has not yet been found.

And the young brothers, Kiko, Hecho and Vano, were left without riches and with ancient wives. The two elder had mothers-in-law as well. I should like to tell you that their old wives turned into young and beautiful princesses, but what is the use of telling you if it did not happen. You may say "Honey, Honey" for all you are worth, and there will be no sweetness in your mouth.

And as for their sister, rich people no longer wanted to marry her . . . there is no more honour for a maiden if she has been taken from her father's house, even if by an Ndemi of the forest. Indeed I, a poor man, married her from pity and not at all gladly. My old woman has such a character. Ah me! Anyone can see that she brought all the wickedness of the Ndemi away with her. And so I am ready to give her for nothing, with the tale into the bargain. Anybody want her, good people? Be so kind. But if you will not please an old man in this way, at least do not send him away without a present on account of the story.

THE HEID HORSEMAN.

O Alec, up at Soutar's fairm
You, that's sae licht o' hairt,
I ken ye passin', by the tune
Ye whistle i' the cairt.

I hear the rowin' o' the wheels,
The clink o' haims an' chain,
And set abune yer stampin' team
I see ye sit alane.

Ilk morn, agin' the kindlin' sky
Yer liftid heid is black,
Ilk nicht I watch ye hameward ride
Wi' the sunset at yer back.

For wark's yer meat, and wark's yer play,
Heid horseman tho' ye be,
Ye've ne'er a glance for wife nor maid,
Ye tak nae tent o' me.

An' man, ye'll no suspec' the truth,
Tho' weel I ken it's true,
There's mony ane that trails in silk,
Wha fain wad gang wi' you.

But I am just a serving lass,
Wha toils to get her breed,
An' O! ye're sweir to see the gowd
I braid about my heid.

My cheek is like the brier rose,
That scents the simmer wind,
And fine I'd keep the wee bit hoose,
'Gin I'd a man to mind!

It's sair to see, when ilka lad
Is dreamin' o' his joe,
The bonnie mare that leads yer team,
Is a' ye're thinkin' o'.

Like fire upon her satin coat,
Ye gar the harness shine,
But, lad, there is a safer licht
In thae twa een o' mine!

Aye—wark yer best—but youth is short,
And time is ill to spare—
There's ane wad gar ye sune forget
Yon limmer o' a mare! VIOLET JACOB.

BOOKPLATES, ANCIENT AND MODERN

II.—BOOKPLATES IN ENGLAND.

AS was pointed out in the previous article, the bookplate established itself in England at a date comparatively late in relation to its first appearance abroad. In this country heraldry flourished in its purest form throughout what we are accustomed to call the Middle Ages. It saw perhaps its best day under Edward III., but with little diminution its glories

tearing beauty from every corner and trampling art under foot as having no place under the grey Puritan standard it set up. The bookplates, no great factor in the art of the day, shivered away into obscurity. Then came the Restoration, but the Gothic spirit had passed into a deep sleep and the force of the Renaissance spent itself, and it is from this date and under these circumstances that the history of



PORTRAIT BOOKPLATE OF JOHN HACKET, 1670.
Engraved by W. Faithorne.



BOOKPLATE OF THIRD EARL OF DEVONSHIRE (SUCCEEDED 1628).



EARLY ARMORIAL BOOKPLATE OF SIR JOHN AUBREY, 1698.

prevailed right down to the seventeenth century; the pageant and the joust were the proper occasions for its display, and the chroniclers of the Field of the Cloth of Gold give us an idea of the wealth to which it sometimes attained. Heraldry as a form of decorative art has always been sensitive to the artistic movements of the day; it inhaled the serenity of the Gothic spirit, it drew new life from the Renaissance, it shuddered under the foot of the Commonwealth. History, no less, had its effect. After the Wars of the Roses this country settled down to a period of rest, in which it could give attention to the cultivation of the arts, and the Elizabethan age, so full of intellectual and artistic effort, left a lasting mark on the domestic art of the country. This

the bookplate in England, somewhat strangled at its birth, really starts on its career.

Before dealing with post-Restoration bookplates there is something to be said of their history from 1570 onwards. Mention has already been made of what has been described as the "bookplate incident" of Cardinal Wolsey; from this we can pass over at least forty years to the gift-plate of Sir Nicholas Bacon, the father of Francis Bacon (if we deny him the aristocratic parentage by some attributed to him) and a Minister of Queen Elizabeth; the



EARLY ARMORIAL BOOKPLATE OF PAUL JODRELL, CIRCA 1690.

influence had not altogether lost its strength when, in 1649, came the triumphal march of iconoclasm which was so strong a feature of the Commonwealth

plate is from a wood-block, bearing underneath the design the inscription: "N. Bacon eques auratus et magni sigilli Angliae custos librum hunc bibliothecae Cantabrig. dicavit 1574"; it is found in two states, the one hand coloured



ARMORIAL BOOKPLATE OF H. P. BLOUNT, 1735.

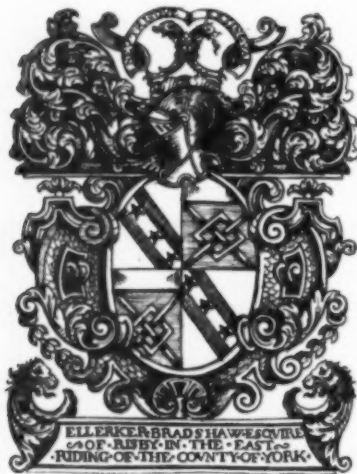


PORTRAIT BOOKPLATE OF SAMUEL PEPYS.
Engraved by R. White.

and the other undated and without colour; possibly the latter, as Mr. Hardy suggests, was the private bookplate as contrasted with the gift-plate. The next known plate is that for "St. Tho. Tresame, Knight," with an enormous array of quarterings. Sir Thomas was the father of that Tresham who revealed the Gunpowder Plot; he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and the plate bears the inscription: "Fecit mihi magna qui potens est 1585."

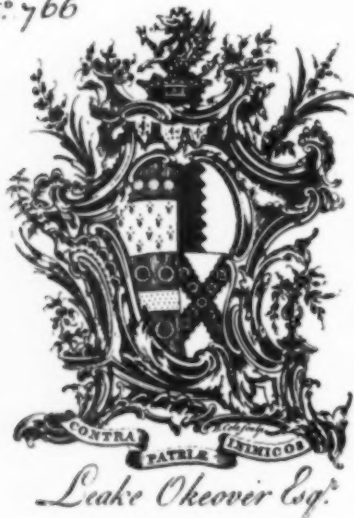


JACOBEOAN "BOOKPILE" BOOK-
PLATE OF W. H. KENNETT, BISHOP
OF PETERBOROUGH.



JACOBEOAN ARMORIAL BOOK-
PLATE OF ELLERKER BRADSHAW.

N^o 766



CHIPPENDALE BOOKPLATE OF
LEAKE OKEOVER.

Charles the Second: Descended of ye ancient family of Pepys of Cottenham in Cambridgeshire." In it the mantling is heavy, and resembles the work of no period in particular. Pepys also possessed three other plates, one containing a portrait of himself engraved by Robert White after the portrait by Kneller and one with his initials and the Admiralty anchors, of which he says in his Diary: "Went to my plate-makers and there spent an hour contriving my

little plates for my books of the King's four yards."

There are two wonderful plates of 1670 and 1671, remarkable for their size, if for nothing else, one for the "Dowager Countess of Bath," measuring 4½ in. by 5½ in., and the other, of about the same size, showing within a border of curious design the prim inscription of "Martha Simcox her book."

The Restoration period may be said to have lasted well into the middle of the eighteenth century. From it we pass to a style universally accepted by Lord de Tabley's designation as "Jacobean," and, for want of a better name, it may well pass as such; its chief characteristics are the introduction of a species of frame suggestive of carved wood, the use of scale-covered or trellised backgrounds, a diminution of the mantling, and, for the first time, the introduction, as an ornament, of the shell. It is well to remember that the genius of Grinling Gibbons (1648-1721) was during this period exercising a strong influence on decorative art, and that in France the State was busy with the encouragement of domestic art which, if then lacking in fire, was preparing to blaze into emancipation with the death of Le Roi Soleil, and was producing the work of Le Brun and his school of decorators, and the foundation of the Gobelins tapestry works. The Jacobean style passed without any great effort to the Rococo, a type of



ROCOO BOOKPLATE OF MANNING-
HAM FAMILY.



PICTORIAL ARMORIAL BOOKPLATE
OF R. H. A. BENNETT.



BOOKPLATE FOR JOHN ANDERSON.
Engraved by Bewick.

decoration surely born in Italy and nurtured in France. The term is too well known to need any explanation. For a pure Rococo plate, that of William Wilberforce is an excellent example, while the grandiose plate for Thomas Philip, Earl de Grey of Wrest Park shows the extravagances to which this style can go. It is a style much identified with Louis XV., fantastic and elaborate, content at first



PICTORIAL BOOKPLATE OF HENRIETTA FRANCES, COUNTESS OF BESSBOROUGH, 1796.

with rich if heavy effects, but soon lightening into the style of which Chippendale was the great exponent in this country and which is known by his name.

Thomas Chippendale, if he did not invent, certainly made very much his own the style of decoration that is known by his name; though he was probably the butt of a contemporary remark as to the "unmeaning scrawl of C's inverted and looped together," yet his talent revolutionised the decorative art of the period. The characteristics of the bookplates are a very free treatment of the framework, a studious avoidance of symmetry, the introduction of wreaths, cupids, fabulous monsters and even Chinese pagodas; the helmet disappears and its place is taken by a wreath, while the name appears in flowing scrip beneath the design. A good example is the plate, here reproduced, of Leake Okeover. Later there creep in further features, and among them the landscape, to be elaborated by Bewick and others into the purely landscape plate.

On the heels of Chippendale, as a master of design, came the brothers Adam, and from about 1770 onwards we find a series of bookplates reflecting the urn and festoon type of decoration which they made famous; classic severity contrasts with the frolicsome extravagance which preceded it, the shield reverts to a rigid spade shape, the symmetry is exact, sprays of palm, festoons and medallions the lightest decoration. At this point it may be well to digress to one or two types of bookplates of an individual style in vogue during these periods. Portrait plates have already been referred to. Mr. Hardy reproduces in his book as an early example of one John Hacket, engraved by W. Faithorne in 1670; Samuel Pepys also had one. The number, however, of these plates was not considerable or their merit remarkable. Allegorical plates were probably due to the force of French influence on the Jacobean style. Their importance lies in the fact that they found as interpreters such artists as Bartolozzi, Pine and others, and an additional interest attaches to them by reason of the difficulty in separating them entirely from the trade cards of the period and the illustrated visiting cards, a fashion which came over from Italy about this time.

"Book-pile" plates, an earlier fanciful departure from the ordinary line of bookplates, show their nature by their name. A good instance is that of Arthur Charlett of 1699. Views of the interior of rooms, generally libraries, are a variation from the book-pile, and date mainly from the eighteenth century. The last, and perhaps most important, deviation

from the ordinary style in vogue is the landscape plate. The tendency to introduce landscape is noticeable in very early German work. We have mentioned its introduction into the later Chippendale style, and in the urn and wreath period we find many a design which includes a landscape as a background to the somewhat funereal device of the armorial achievement. The plate of A. Broughton, M.D., designed by J. Taylor in 1796, and engraved by Cook, is a good example of one of these. The plate is a gift plate, for the inscription is "Bequest of A. Broughton, M.D." and the urn on this occasion is more than a mere piece of decoration. The landscape suggests tropical climes, and a shield with a coat-of-arms upon it rests against the urn.

Famous among landscape plates is the plate for "Strawberry Hill," supposed to have been used by Horace Walpole. Bewick's authorship of this plate has been discredited, but we give a famous example of his work in the plate of John Anderson. The plate is non-armorial, and the owner's name appears on a rock forming part of the landscape. From a technical point of view, a great point of interest in Bewick's work is that he was the first great master of wood engraving, of which a word will be said later. In the Cimmerian gloom of the Early Victorian era, the history of bookplates becomes dull reading.

We omitted mention of American bookplates in the last article as their early history starts when that of all other nations is over. The first plate by an American engraver, one Nathaniel Hurd, who engraved a plate for Thomas Dering, made its appearance in 1749. The most interesting American bookplate is that for George Washington, probably engraved in England. Bookplates in America, until lately, formed no great part of the history of the art, and their interest is mainly due to the well known men who possessed them. J. F. BADELEY.

HAGENBECK'S ZOO AT OLYMPIA.

OLYMPIA has been the scene at one time or another of many remarkable shows, from Military Tournaments to Ideal Home Exhibitions, but never has that great roof covered a more interesting



THE FLAMINGOES.

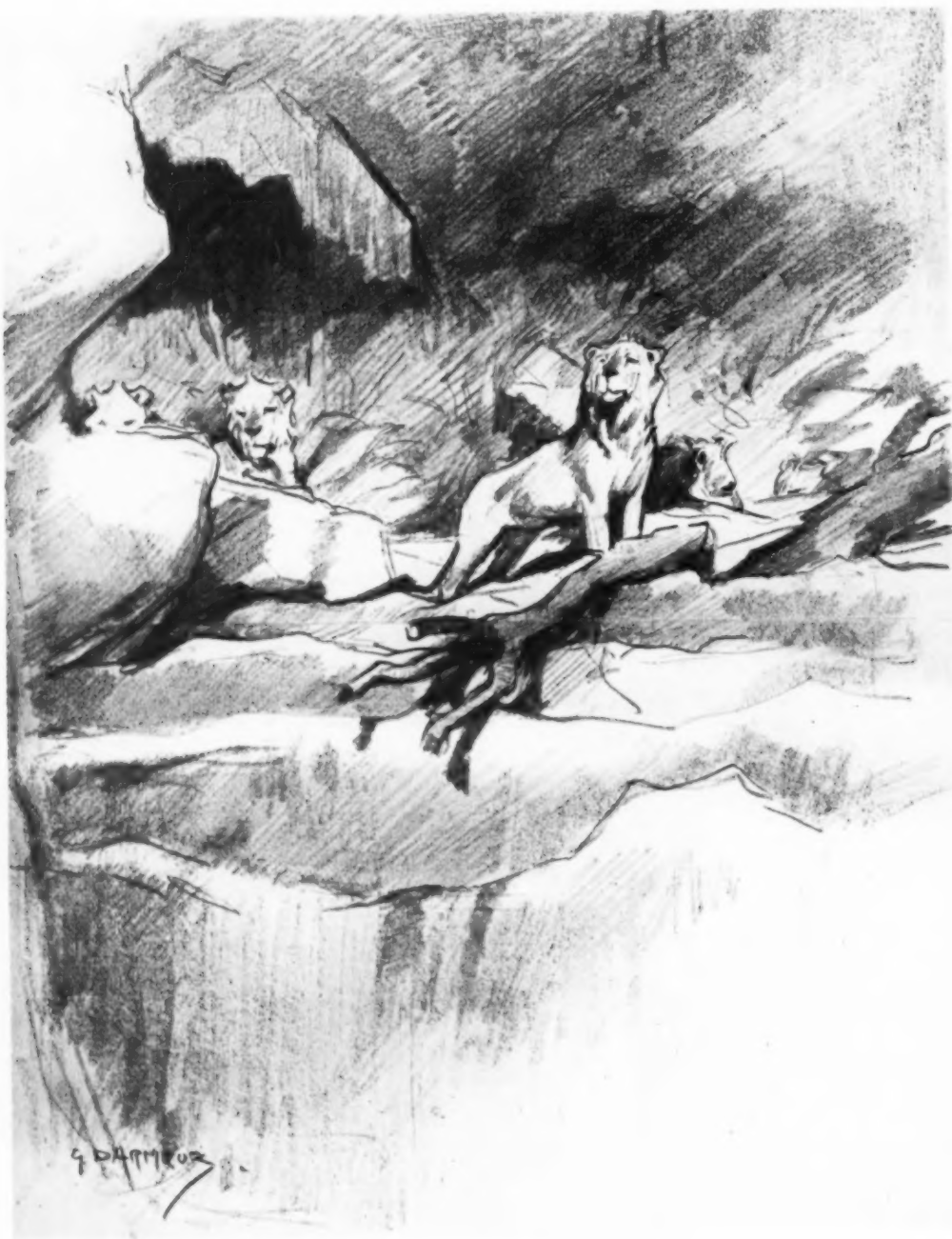
Illustrating an ingenious way of having only one cold foot.

collection than the one which is to be seen there at the present moment. Hagenbeck's Wonder Zoo and Circus—we should have preferred to call it "Wonderful Zoo"—is not merely a show which will be visited by everybody who appreciates a fine spectacle, but, a great deal more than that, it is an exhibition which ought to be seen by all naturalists and lovers of animals. The original Hagenbeck was a fishmonger in Hamburg, and his menagerie began with two live seals, accidentally caught in nets by fishermen with whom he dealt. His son, the late Carl Hagenbeck, built up a vast business from the small beginnings of the father, and it was to his genius that the modern method of keeping animals in captivity is due. He was a man with a very strong

next object was to do away with the appearance of confinement altogether. This was accomplished by substituting for barriers and railings a deep trench, which prevents the beasts from escaping from their enclosure, while at the same time the spectator has a free and uninterrupted view of the animals moving about in apparent freedom. It may be said here that it is on this principle that the Mappin Terraces, which are now being constructed in our Zoological Gardens, have been designed.

In the "Wonder Zoo" at Olympia there are two "enclosures" (for want of a word to express a cage without bars) built on the Hagenbeck principle; one is for lions, the other for baboons. In both of these the animals are

seen to the best possible advantage without any intervening iron bars, and the appearance of freedom is enhanced by the ingenious irregularity of the rockwork. The baboons and monkeys, a company of more than a hundred—and we were told that two hundred more will shortly arrive—scramble about and chase each other over a precipitous cliff, while the more indolent of them doze in cunningly contrived crevices. Among the lions are some particularly fine beasts, and it is quite evident from their splendidly easy carriage that they have never been confined for long in small cages. Even in the most up to date and the best managed zoological gardens, where the animals have out-of-door cages, many of them, particularly the lions and tigers, have arched backs and a stiff, and awkward gait. No doubt this is partly due to the effects of rickets, from which so many of the large cats born in European gardens suffer in infancy, but in a great measure it is due to the confined quarters in which they spend their days. Mr. G. D. Armour, who has as good an eye for the points of an animal as any man can have, writes as follows: "I have missed few chances of seeing zoological gardens and menageries wherever



THE LIONS.

personality, and many of those who knew him have borne witness to the powerful influence he had over the most savage animals and to the success of the gentleness with which he invariably treated them. In his Thierpark at Stellingen, near Hamburg, he planned and perfected the Hagenbeck system, which is beginning to have its effect on other zoological gardens all over the world. For many years he had been collecting animals, of greater or less rarity, from all parts of the globe, and having a large space at his disposal he found it possible to enclose them in large paddocks which somewhat simulated their natural haunts. Given sufficient space, it was soon found that animals of many different kinds could safely be confined together, and having achieved that his

met with, and in the case of the feline animals have always remarked how soon confinement seemed to cause curvature of the spine; in fact, it is so general among caged animals that I believe many people regard the deformity as natural, and one can often see it reproduced in pictures. No doubt they just require the exercise on uneven ground, such as they get in these new conditions as in very few cases is there any curvature noticeable in these large enclosures." The steep rockwork "scenery" of the lions' enclosure, though it is most admirably contrived, will also help to perpetuate a mistaken idea of artists, who generally draw lions in rocky, mountainous country. It is true that lions are in some places found in hilly country, but most of them are found on the more or less

level plains of grass and bush, where the antelopes and other game on which they prey abound.

The "African water-hole" is a comparatively small enclosure of sandy ground and rocks surrounding a small pool of water. Here are gathered together a miscellaneous collection of African creatures, including elands, gnus, Grévy's zebras, Nubian goats, ostriches, cranes, geese and pelicans. Though there are so many animals in so small a space, they group themselves so effectively that they never seem to be overcrowded. The two Grévy's zebras are particularly fine animals, and the gnus seem to be here in as fine spirits as those ungainly-looking but astonishingly light-footed beasts are on their native plains. Close to the "Water-hole" is another small pool of water, where a family of young hippopotamuses slumber throughout the day. One of the most effective of all the enclosures is the so-called "Bird Village," where a flock of more than two hundred flamingoes and cranes of various species stand in and about a reed-fringed pool. It is one of the secrets of the late Mr. Hagenbeck's success that he understood the value of grouping animals together in companies or herds. One flamingo is rather a ridiculous object, and even half a dozen of them are nothing, but fifty or a hundred flamingoes are a glorious sight, as anyone who has seen them take wing and fly will testify. The pity is that they cannot be made to fly about Olympia, to the joy of the London crowd.

There is not space here to enumerate the many other paddocks and enclosures, aviaries and pools, where hundreds of other creatures live and thrive; the kindergarten, where young lions, bears, dogs and hyenas play together; the flock of emus, the happy family and a score of others. All people who are interested in animals should go and see them for themselves. When we see such a collection as this, and particularly when we see these large groups of one species, we wish, not for the first time, that it were possible to promote a scheme of this sort somewhere within reach of London. The thirty acres of the Zoological Gardens is used, as it ought to be, for a very fine type collection of animals. There is no room there for flocks of flamingoes or herds of antelopes and zebras, but we believe that, if the Society were to establish a Thierpark within a few miles of London, it would be both a popular and a financial success. A good deal has been heard lately about the cruelty of keeping animals in cages; a visit to this exhibition will show that good health and apparent happiness are not incompatible with confinement.



ON THE MONKEYS' ROCK.



THE WATER HOLE.



THE gardens of Stowe take up more than half of the little guide-books that are given over to the description of the house, and rightly, for there were other great classic houses in England, but nothing quite like the gardens. But the real history of the place, the memories of the "parts or pedantry, of the taste or want of taste, of the ambition or love of fame, greatness or mis-carriages of those who have inhabited, decorated, planned or visited the place," which clings to every acre, escapes from the bare catalogue. Here came Congreve, and Pope who always found himself "returning to Lord Cobham's with fresh satisfaction": Lord Peterborough, too, liked it well, though content with his "little Amoret" of Bevismount. Here Pitt, just entering Parliament, came for a long stay in the summer and autumn of 1735, meeting Pope and Martha Blount and playing at cricket. Here in the gardens he walked with Frederick Prince of Wales, and Lord Cobham watching them feared that he would persuade the Prince to adopt some measures not to his (Cobham's) taste. "You don't know Mr. Pitt's power of insinuation. In a very short quarter of an hour he can persuade anyone of anything."

Stowe became a second home to him, and there is no doubt he entered into the never-ending alterations in the gardens, and even advised on architecture. The taste for gardening spread from Stowe to its familiars. Pitt himself had, in his own phrase, the prophetic eye of taste, and laid out his own and his friends' grounds, planting these by torchlight now and again in his eager and imperious impetuosity, while his friend, George Lyttleton (another of Lord Cobham's nephews) had a Stowe on a small scale at Hagley, which had its Temple of Theseus, its octagon temple, its Doric temple and Ionic rotunda, its Palladian bridge, and romance in the form of a hermitage of roots and a ruined tower. All could grow the flower, for all had got the seed.

Stowe, the parent of all these, was laid out in 1713, and exactly two centuries of maturing growth and renewal and change have given it a grandeur and sober antiquity which its planter could not have known. The village of Stowe, which stretched to the north and south of the church and on the east side of the lawn, was bodily removed, leaving its church behind, while the hamlet of Dadford grew to accommodate the tenants of the displaced village. The gardens



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THE GARDEN FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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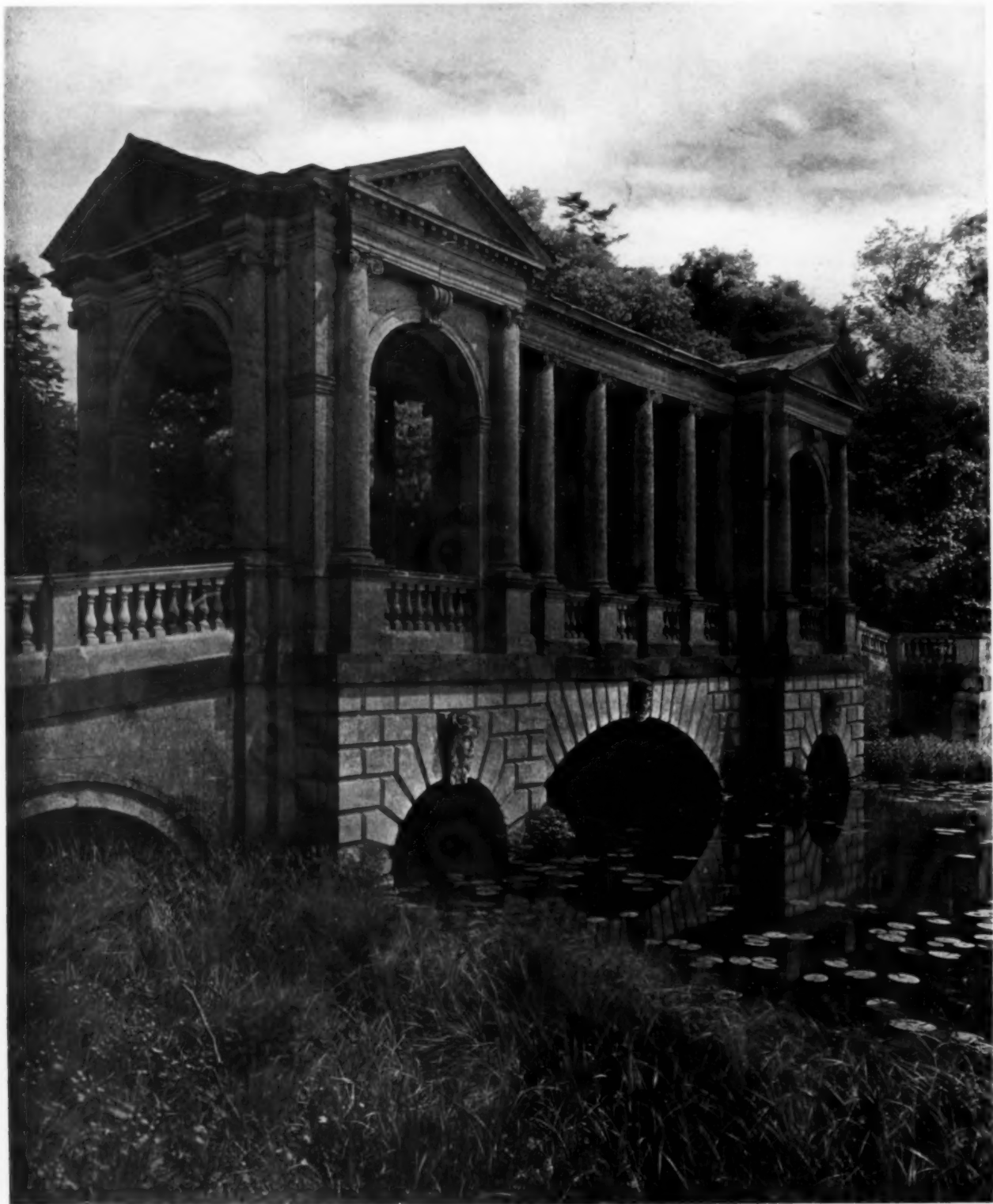
VANBRUGH'S ROTUNDA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

were laid out by Bridgeman and were about finished in 1720, but contained then only twenty-eight acres. Walpole praises Bridgeman very highly as "more chaste than London and Wise," that is to say, he gave up topiary work, and avoided the "square precision" of his predecessors, though his wildernesses were still bounded by clipped hedges. Later on he ventured further, and introduced in the Royal garden at Richmond cornfields and even stretches of woodland; but at Stowe, in its first state, symmetry was still the rule. It is significant, however, that the sunk fence has taken the place of the wall, thus bringing in the small end of the wedge of the later landscape school by which the garden was merged into the park.

In the fifteen large engravings by Rigaud and Baron published in 1730, we see a formal garden in which no great extent is given over to lawns, but much is pasture ground surrounded by neat hedges. The main walks are straight: verdant sculpture has disappeared except in one plate, which

shows two or three obelisk-shaped and clipped trees near the house. The hedges are topped with trees feathering above them in Le Nôtre's style, as we still see them at Bramham. Statues, probably of gilded lead, of rustic figures, shepherds, pipers and haymakers, enliven one plate, and the whole set are busy with active visitors to the gardens, at needlework on the steps, pointing at the leaden George and the temples, and driving the deer. In order to show the extent of the gardens one visitor is shown in a wheel-chair, a not unusual accommodation in the great English gardens of the day. On the south-east side, standing on the steps of his house, Lord Cobham would have looked down a vista to a formal basin, in which was an obelisk draped with falling water. Between this and the house was another basin and *jet d'eau*, and just above this the grassy parterre. Parterre and basin were shut in on two sides by a wall of yew, cut into archways filled with vases and life-size figures of nymphs and goddesses. On the north-west side the house lies near the road, but there were a



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THE PALLADIAN BRIDGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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ROADWAY UNDER THE BRIDGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

canal and plantations between this and the equestrian George I. Stowe, like Versailles, laid itself out for its one great perspective view, and though there are in Bridgeman's plan short lengths of straight paths from Kent's Temple of Ancient Virtue westward, and northward from Vanbrugh's Rotunda, the garden is not laid out with many straight intersecting paths, but with curving alleys within dense plantations; to the west of the long perspective the water lies in formal basins, while to the east it is allowed to serpentine, even in 1730. It is in this quarter, where Kent's Temple of Ancient Virtue and his British Worthies are set, that some of his effectiveness in placing his buildings is still to be recognised, with his use of natural or artificial hills and hollows. For this new style of gardening inequality of ground was a necessity. At Chiswick, Lord Burlington's villa, as M. Grosley tells us, the ground, very flat by nature, was dug out by Kent and rearranged into terraces and hills, each crowned by a little temple in the antique

taste, while the broad river, either cutting or skirting the principal parts of the garden, reflected trees and temples—a description that would pass, except for the breadth of the river, for Kent's quarter of the gardens of Stowe. As far as can be judged by the remains of Kent's garden design, it was a reaction from the French formal school, but was itself artificial, in the sense that it aimed at creating the illusion of Italian landscape by the use of garden buildings, temples and by the deliberate contrast of light and shade (which Walpole gives as one of Kent's "great principles") of tree with tree. The use of vistas still continued, rather, however, by the cutting of alleys through woods, as at Rousham, than in the planting of avenues. After the French formality Kent's effects struck a contemporary as natural, but compared with the real artlessness of Lancelot Brown they still show the influence of traditional design. Next to Rigaud and Baron's engravings the best picture of the gardens is Lord Percival's



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TEMPLE OF CONCORD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE TEMPLE PORCH.

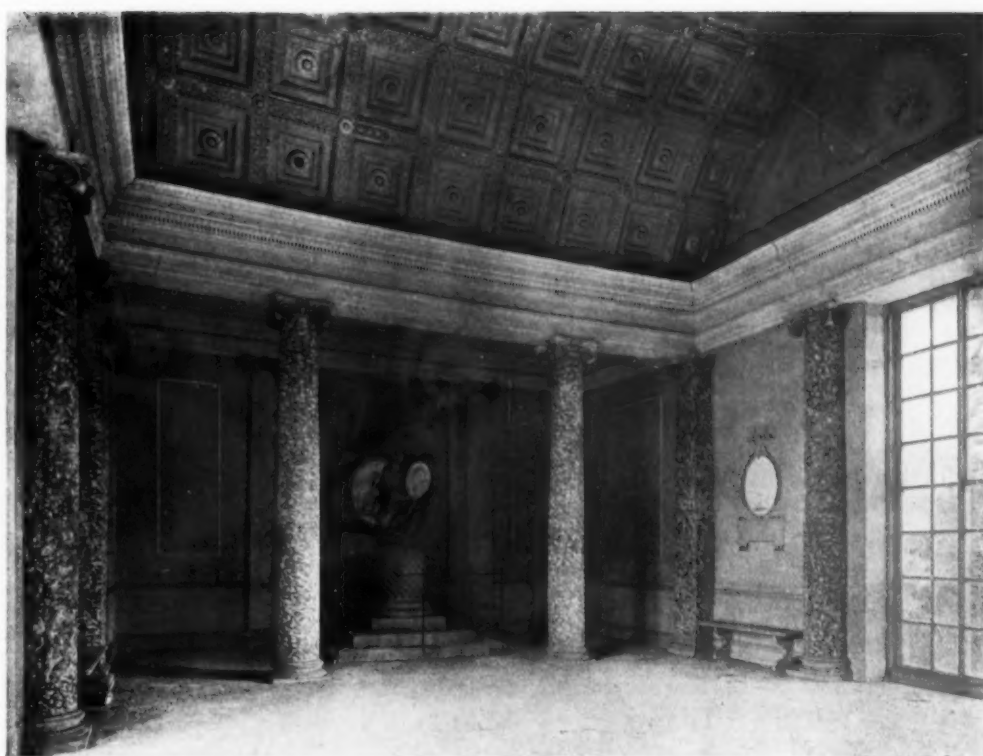
"COUNTRY LIFE."

letter to his brother-in-law, Daniel Dering, in 1724. "The gardens," he writes, "by reason of the good contrivance of the walks, seem to be three times as large as they are." (Evidently an echo of Switzer's principle.) "They contain but twenty-eight acres, yet took us up two hours. It is entirely new, and though begun but eleven years ago, is now almost finished. From the lower end you ascend a multitude of steps (but at several distances) to the parterre, and from thence several more to the house, which, standing high, commands a fine prospect. One way they can see twenty-six miles. It is impossible to give you an exact idea of this garden, but we shall shortly have a graving of it. It consists of a great number of walks, terminated by summer houses, and heathen Temples of different structure, and adorned with Statues cast from the Anticks. Here you see the Temple of Apollo, there a triumphal Arch. The garden of Venus is delightful. You see her standing in her Temple, at the head of a noble bason of water, and opposite to her an Amphitheater with statues of gods and goddesses; this bason is sorounded with walks and groves, and overlook'd from a considerable height by a tall Column of a Composite order on which stands a statue of Pr. George in his Robes. At the end of the gravel walk leading from the house are two heathen Temples with a circle of water two acres and a quarter large, in the midst whereof is a gulio or pyramid, at least fifty feet high, from the top of which it is designed that water should fall, being by pipes convey'd thro' the heart of it. Half way up this walk is another fine bason with pyramid in it thirty feet high, and nearer the house you meet a fountain that plays forty feet. The cross walks end in vistos, arches, and statues, and the private ones cut through the groves are delightful. You think twenty times you have no more to see, and of a sudden find yourself in some new garden or walk, as finish'd and adorned as that you left. This shows my Lord's good

tast, and his fondness to the place appears by the great expense he has been at. We all know how chargeable it is to make a garden with tast; to make one of a sudden more so; but to erect so many summer houses, Temples, Pillars, Pyramids, and Statues, most of fine hewn stone, the rest of gilded lead, would drain the richest purse, and I doubt not but much of his wife's great fortune has been sunk on it.

Bridgeman laid out the ground and plan'd the whole, which cannot fail of recommending him to business." A comparison of the plan in Rigaud and Baron's engravings with that of the guide book of 1763 shows the changes in the garden are mainly in the ornamental water. A long canal between the equestrian figure of George I. and the entrance front is gone, with the canal by Vanbrugh's rotunda and two other smaller basins, while the octagonal pond near the great arch had lost its formal outlines, and since that date there have been minor changes.

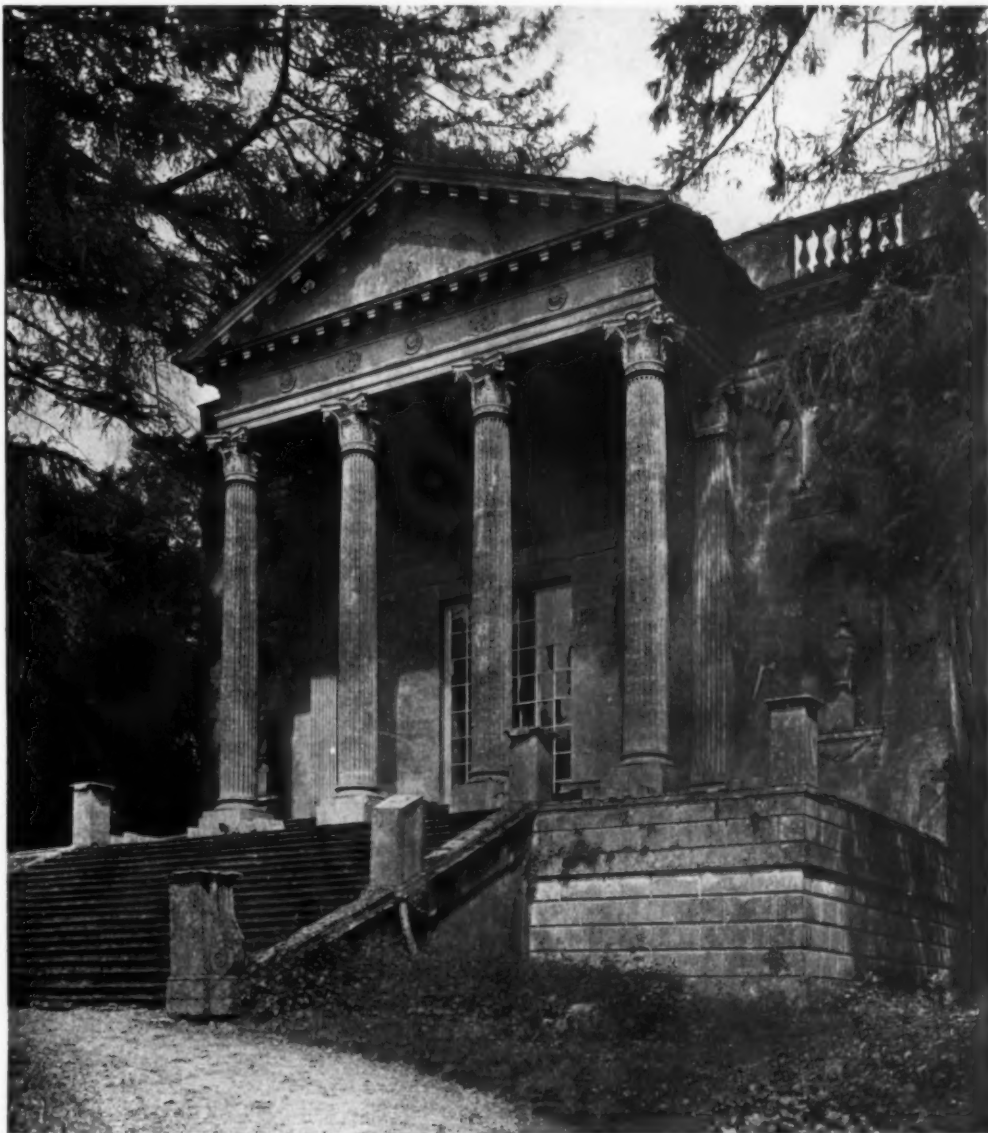
Stowe is a compendium of eighteenth century gardening, and after Kent comes Lancelot Brown. But Brown, though he rose to be head from kitchen gardener here, does not seem to have affected Stowe. Britton was assured that Lord Cobham kept him to the kitchen and flower garden, and though he would not allow him to make improvements at Stowe, asked the Duke of Grafton to let him make a lake at Wakefield Lodge, which founded his fortune, for he soon, through Lord Cobham, became the Royal head-gardener at Windsor and Hampton. His vogue dates only after his leaving Stowe in 1750, when he began to naturalise gardening with his shapeless clumps and belts and lakes. Untrained and uneducated, he became in the days of his success unusually pompous and pretentious.



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INSIDE THE QUEEN'S TEMPLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE QUEEN'S BUILDING, ONCE THE LADIES' TEMPLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE"



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ROAD BRIDGE IN PARK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A PARK ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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TEMPLE OF BACCHUS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

That the Thames "could never forgive him for his river at Blenheim" was a saying characteristic of the man, and still more so his inimitable conversation with Hannah More, to whom he promised to give a taste of his art. "He illustrates everything he says about gardening" (she writes) "by some literary allusion. He told me he compared his art to literary composition. 'Now *there*,' said he, pointing his finger, 'I make a comma; and *there*' (pointing to another spot) 'where a more decided turn is proper, I make a colon; at another part (where an interruption is desirable to break the view), a parenthesis—now a full stop; and then I begin another subject.'" It is fortunate that Stowe was not given to him to punctuate with his colons and parentheses, and that though some of Bridgeman's formality was lost by the rounding off the angles of the water basins and teaching straight alleys to wind, the principal walks follow their old course and the best of Lord Cobham's garden buildings remain behind.

The temples of the gardens bring out even more than the great classic houses of the century the passion for building; for the temple was not even an occasionally used banqueting or garden building, one of the outliers of the house; it was uninhabited and uninhabitable, a point in the landscape which was to recall perhaps a scene at Tivoli or Albano, a day's amusement to the crowd of travellers who were put up at the New Inn and bought the little illustrated guide-books; five days' amusement to the house-party in 1770, of which Princess Amelia had insisted that Horace Walpole should make part. His picture of the life at Stowe and the share of the gardens in amusing the guests has outlasted more formal praises. "We breakfasted at half an hour after nine, but the Princess did not appear till it was finished; then we walked in the garden, or drove about in cabriolets, till it was time to dress; dined at three, which, though properly proportioned to the smallness of company to avoid ostentation lasted a vast while, as the Princess eats and talks a great deal; then again into the garden

until half past seven, when we came in, drank tea and coffee and played at pharaoh till ten when the Princess retired, and we went to supper and before twelve to bed. You see there was great sameness and little variety in all this. It was broken by fishing, and going round the park one of the mornings; but in reality the number of buildings and variety of scenes in the garden made each day different from the rest, and my meditations on so historic a spot prevented my being tired. . . . On Wednesday night a small Vauxhall was acted for us at the grotto in the Elysian Fields, which was illuminated with lamps, as were the thicket and two little barks on the lake. With a little exaggeration, I could make you believe that nothing ever was so delightful. The idea was really pretty; but as my feelings have lost somewhat of their romantic sensibility, I did not quite enjoy such an entertainment *al fresco* so much as I should have done twenty years ago. The evening was more than cool; and the destined spot anything but dry. There were not half lamps enough, and no music but an ancient militiaman who played cruelly on a squeaking tabor and pipe. As our procession descended the vast flight of steps into the garden, in which was assembled a crowd of people from Buckingham and the neighbouring villages to see the Princess and the : how, the moon shining very bright, I could not help laughing as I surveyed our troop, which instead of tripping lightly to seek an Arcadian entertainment, were hobbling down by the balustrades, wrapped up in cloaks and great coats for fear of catching cold. The earl, you know, is bent double, the Countess very lame; I am a miserable walker, and the Princess, though as strong as a Brunswick



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KENT'S TEMPLE OF ANCIENT VIRTUE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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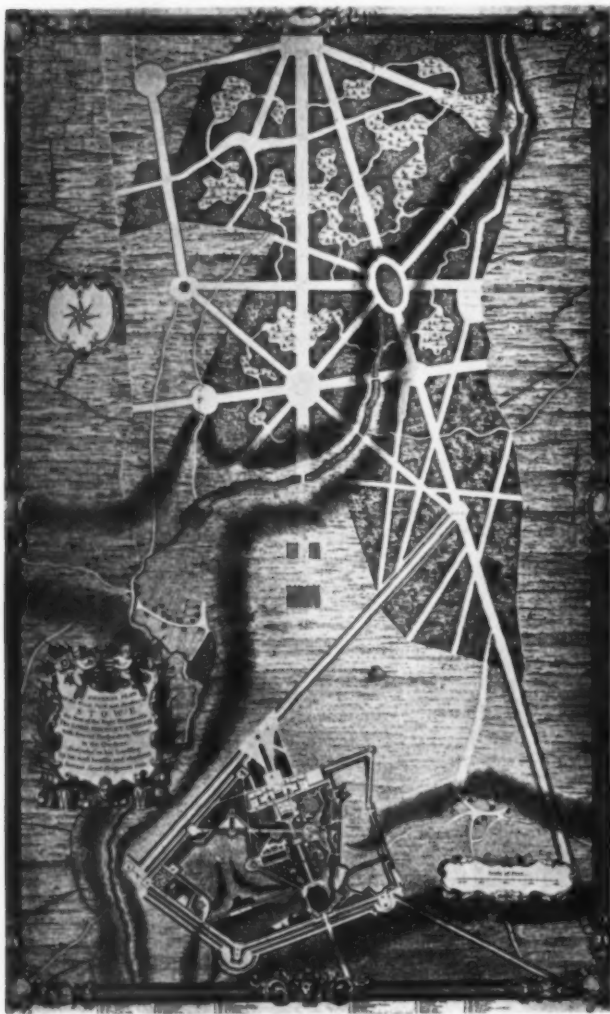
ONE OF THE BOYCOT PAVILIONS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. QUEEN OF HANOVER'S SEAT. "C.L."

lion, makes no figure in going down fifty stone steps. Except Lady Anne, and by courtesy Lady Mary, we were



BRIDGEMAN'S GARDEN PLAN.

none of us young enough for a pastoral. We supped in the grotto, which is as proper to the climate as a sea-coal fire would be in the dog-days at Tivoli."

Since Horace Walpole has added his visionary person to the historic gardens, the shells have fallen away from the shell bridge and the Temple of Friendship has fallen in; the less permanent erections, such as St. Augustine's Cave, made of roots and moss, have disappeared. This was hidden in a thicket very artfully, and was furnished for meditation with a straw couch, a wooden chair and inscriptions; but its loss is not insupportable. But we see very much what he saw. Looking from the south portico to Lord Camelford's Corinthian arch, and to Kent's pavilions, Kent's, Gibbs' and Vanbrugh's temples were all in their places, and the tall pillars of Lord Cobham and his nephew Thomas Grenville, and the monuments to the second George and his wife. The Gothic temple which Walpole worshipped in the heretical corner of his heart still edges up from among the trees, looking as new as when it was first built of Northamptonshire iron-stone, and so little "pure and venerable" that his comparison of the whole with the great column near it to the Place of St. Mark's is one of the most amazing results of his bent for the Gothic. Its windows were coloured with glass from the priory at Warwick or collected by Cobham from the Low Countries, and was originally dedicated *libertati majorum*. This inscription stone disappeared, though Cobham



Copyright. VASE IN ENCLOSED GARDEN. "COUNTRY LIFE."

never dropped his Whig principles, and "the liberty of our ancestors" was found, when the last Duke of Buckingham was a boy, buried among a heap of rubbish. To Cobham's interest in his "Saxon" ancestry was due the "arms of the Saxon Heptarchy" on the temple and the seven Saxon deities carved by Rysbrach in stone, and placed originally in a yew tree thicket. In the Temple of Friendship he turned his attention to his contemporaries and relations. The friends, headed by that foolish enigma, Frederick Prince of Wales, were variable, their memorials stable, which gave some private and entertaining reflections to the well informed among visitors. Cobham was sententious in his temple of British Worthies, a semicircle on the banks of the upper lake which Kent designed, and which M. Grosley, who stayed a month at Stowe, found the most remarkable of the garden

buildings for some unexplained reason. The "bustos" in the niches, beginning with King Alfred, and, of course, not forgetting the Whig hero, William III., ends, oddly enough, with the forgotten Sir John Barnard, "who distinguished himself in Parliament by an active and firm opposition to the pernicious and iniquitous practice of stock-jobbing." The British Worthies is Kent at his worst and weakest, but you can look across to the other side of the lake and see one of the most delightful of his classical buildings, a circular temple to Ancient Virtue, with its dome supported by Ionic columns. "The Grecian temple is glorious," wrote Walpole, and its refinement contrasts with the Worthies. Its authorised antithesis was, however, a heap of stone known as the Temple of Modern Virtue, which has now completely disappeared, but which puzzled visitors not in the secret like Richard Pococke, who in 1751 considered the satire "no ill thought, yet no such thing was designed." Kent's, again, is the Temple of Venus, seen reflected in its lake at the southern end of the gardens, a square building with Ionic columns within its central niche, connected with its two pavilions by semicircular arcades with ball-topped finials—a fancy of Kent's. It was once painted within, like the two pavilions on the south side of the water and the Temple of Bacchus, but these have entirely faded away, and the late Duke of Buckingham thought it was as well that they had so removed themselves. The Palladian bridge, the "theatric" bridge which was familiar to the eighteenth century, with its fellows at Wilton, Prior Park and elsewhere, is barely mentioned by the guides, and not at all by the Stowe visitors of taste; but it is one of the pleasantest buildings in the garden—a loggia or loitering-place rather than a utilitarian bridge, its lichen-mottled pallor reflected in the slow, lilled and rushy waters below; for here and elsewhere in the garden the carefully fitted stones are at war with the elements, and unable to resist the lichen and moss and other small wild growths in the crevices. The Temple of Concord, another reproduction, is the *Maison Carrée* transported from the clear light of Southern France to English fields, and hemmed in and over-leaned by tall beeches and a cedar. Kent "nearly followed" the shape and measurements of the *Maison Carrée* in building it, but the decorations inside are by the Italian architect Borra in 1763, when Lord Temple gave it its name in memory of the Peace of Fontainebleau. The Queen's building again, once the Ladies' Temple, has been changed beyond recognition by later additions, until Kent's building, originally built upon a portico open at all sides, has quite the late eighteenth century flavour. In the Guide of 1773 it is described as "now altering," and it has a Corinthian portico and decorations of 1789, the year when King George recovered from his madness. Within the large room the plaster-work of the waggon-vaulted ceiling is copied from the Temple of the Sun and Moon at Rome, and the bright pink scagliola columns were no doubt ordered at the same time as those for the marble saloon of the house. There are medallions about it commemorating Queen Charlotte, "most respectable in her most difficult moments," as one Guide oddly translates the Latin praise. The whole building is a compliment in stone, like the Doric arch Lord Temple set up for Princess Amelia in 1767 in Stowe's Elysian Fields and which was completely successful, for "between the flattery and the prospect, the Princess was really in Elysium; she visited her arch four or five times every day and could not satiate herself with it." The compliments in stone were in the grand manner, but so, too, were the verses for the occasion, in which Walpole figures the Venus of Stowe complaining of the slighting of her temple since the Princess' appearance in the gardens, and Apollo's answer:

Recollect, once before, that our oracle ceased
When a real Divinity rose in the East,

which were suppressed by him out of decorum. But the Princess is frankly treated as a divinity in some verses of Lady Temple's where she pictures George II.'s wife as Latona viewing

her twins from Jove,
Conscious she on the Delian earth
To two divinities gave birth—

the second divinity being the hero (or butcher) of Culloden!

The impression on reading the little "Guide to Stowe without seeing it is of crowding, and of a sort of Père la Chaise of classic monuments, but the great extent of the gardens is forgotten. If there are half a hundred monuments, there are four hundred acres to set them in. We can see just what Lord Cobham intended in his sprinkling of this monotonous surface with column and temple, so that the flattish green English landscape was refined and varied, until it seemed to him and his contemporaries classic ground.

They saw it a Tivoli and Albano in a park, a region filled, if not with the authentic and romantic morsels of Roman architecture they had seen on the grand tour, at least with exercises in that same tranquil and classical spirit, which, like the best eighteenth century literature, comes to us "out of the cool and quiet of other times as a measure of what a long experience has shown will at least never displease us," and has gathered since their time an added weight of memories.

J.

O'ER FIELD & FURROW.

MR. W. W. TAILBY.

IT is now nearly twenty years ago since I went to hunt in Leicestershire, in what is now known as Mr. Fernie's country. As most people have heard, there are fences in that country which can only be jumped in one place. While waiting my turn at one of these a voice behind me said: "Would you let me come first? My horse is pulling rather hard." Turning round, I saw an old man in a cap. I pulled on one side and he went at the fence. I noticed that with his right hand he grasped the pommel of his saddle firmly. This was Mr. Tailby, and with this introduction began an acquaintanceship which lasted for some years and in the course of which I learned a great deal about hunting. The present generation of hunting men recall him as having been the leader of a band of hard riders. These men were, indeed, front rank riders to hounds, but they cared for and understood fox-hunting. Mr. Tailby himself, when his hounds hunted Owston, Launde, Tugby Tilton and other big woods, was marvellous at getting a start. He had great resolution and a very quick ear to hounds. In the same way, the famous Tailbyte followers were seldom out of a run, for the simple reason that they never left hounds in or out of cover if they could help it. No Master has ever shown better sport than did Mr. Tailby. Perhaps his golden age was at the end of the sixties, when Goodall was his huntsman and Christian whipper-in. The latter was as quick a whipper-in as I ever saw. The pack of that day had extraordinary drive. Mr. Tailby wrote to me of his liking for Belvoir Rally Wood and Senator, as giving this quality to his pack. After Goodall had his fall when riding at a double post and rail downhill (the rails three feet high, the space between them twelve feet), Mr. Tailby took the horn himself and showed some excellent sport. Mr. Tailby's greatest run was from Shangton Holt, by way of Illston, Rolleston and Keythorpe to Alexton Wood, and so past Manton Gorse to ground at Lyndon, a seventeen-mile point in two hours and a quarter. The country crossed was as good as it could be. Possibly Sir Arthur Fludyer and Mr. Alan Pennington may recollect this run. Perhaps Brooks may have been there, but of the rest most of them have passed away. When the Cottesmore recalled their loan of country Mr. Tailby sold his dog pack and went on for a time in the present Billesdon country until 1878, when he was succeeded by Sir Bache Cunard. Not less notable in hunting history were the band of followers who attached themselves to the fortunes of the South Quorn—Messrs. Powell, Corbett-Holland, Gosling, Robertson, and last but not least, Mr. Mills of Bosworth, who has, I believe, ridden more good runs in a front place than any man in modern hunt history. Mr. Tailby himself always recalled with pleasure a certain gallop in the cub-hunting season, when they found a fox in Glen Oaks and killed before the windows of Launde Abbey as the family were sitting down to breakfast.

CHANGES.

As I anticipated, Sir Charles Lowther has been appointed Master of the Pychley. He has had two years' experience of the duties in the field, and the encouragement of seeing from the address presented to his predecessor, Lord Annaly, how appreciative the farmers of his Hunt can be of a care for their interests. It is reported that Sir W. Cooke is resigning the northern part of the Southwold. This is, no doubt, true, but I am afraid it also means the retirement of the other Master, Mr. Preston Rawnsley, after thirty-four years of a successful Mastership, during the whole of which Mr. Rawnsley has hunted hounds himself. One cannot wonder. Yet this is the greatest loss fox-hunting has sustained since the death of Lord Portsmouth. Of Mr. Rawnsley's successes I have not now space to write, but the days I spent in South Lincolnshire were among the most memorable of my hunting experiences.

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S.

This season will be recollected as well for the good sport shown in the Badminton country as for the unusual number of accidents to horses. I was told that no fewer than six good hunters had met with an untimely fate. Major Paynter, riding at a brook, hit it off at its widest place, and the horse, striking against the opposite bank, broke its neck. A lady who used to go well with the Quorn will recollect losing a horse exactly in the same way at the Twyford Brook. But falls never yet lessened the number gathered at a meet, and the sport has drawn immense fields to the Duke's hounds. Indeed, some people say that the gathering at Didmorton last week was the biggest ever seen with this pack; but that would be saying a great deal. Will Dale knew exactly where to look for the poultry-slayer who was the object of our search at Sherston. The old huntsman

held up his cap; Walters and the mixed pack were quickly on the spot. It used to be said in our school days by comfortable elders out of reach of such things that a bully was always a coward, so it is sometimes said that a poultry-killing fox will never run before hounds. As experience teaches us, neither of these axioms holds good, and this sleek chicken-slayer proved himself quite a stout fox. He did not run straight, it is true, but that only showed his sense, since a straight-running fox has but a poor chance. When hounds pressed him, he tried a stretch of arable, but Dorcas set them right, and they worked steadily on. At last someone got a view of him, and Walters lifted the pack clear of the plough. The pace improved on the grass, and after a run of just under half an hour the fox vanished among some cottage gardens. He was somewhere about, but where? For his crimes he was wanted, so they set to work to search and for a whole half hour he baffled them. Then at length he was discovered

grass for the most part, with some rough ground and plough, but here and there diversified by stretches of flying country.

LORD LECONFIELD'S.

When Lord Leconfield gave £2,000 for the pick of the Atherstone pack he made no mistake. The sons and daughters of these hounds are coming forward well in the chase. The present Petworth pack has beautiful music and great drive. The strong woodlands and scenting qualities of Sussex tend, I think, to develop those qualities in a pack. On January 6th they found a fox and a scent to hunt him by in Maresdell, where there is plenty of warm lying. When hounds spoke, the fox was afoot at once and away. The pack flew to the Master's horn, but the fox slipped underground and was left. Hounds showed well in the next covert. There were several foxes, but the hounds quickly settled to one. This fox they never left, driving him



LORD PORTMAN.

on a roof, crouching by a stack of chimneys. The point was five miles and the pace good.

LORD PORTMAN.

At the break up of Mr. Farquharson's country the first Viscount Portman established the pack now known as Lord Portman's. The subject of our sketch (the present Lord Portman) became field Master in 1858. Ever since that time he has taken the greatest interest in the sport. At one time he hunted hounds whenever he could spare the time from Parliamentary and other duties, and he is now the Master of Hounds in England who has the longest experience of active Mastership. He has always been a keen and successful hound-breeder. The pack has never stood higher in reputation on the flags or in the field than it does at the present time. Perhaps one of Lord Portman's best hounds of late years has been Selim, by the Warwickshire Pedlar. The country hunted by Lord Portman's hounds is a pleasant one of the Dorsetshire type—a bank and ditch country,

through all his turns and killed him in the open, and then, almost without a pause, a holloa set them going again, and this fox also they would have had but that darkness saved his life. Apart from the pleasant ride over some of the best country, I think one has more jumping in Sussex than in most counties. One of the charms of the day was the way hounds made the best of a scent which was often catchy. It is on days like this when the drive of a high-bred pack tells, and most, perhaps, in a difficult country.

THE YORK AND AINSTY.

Askham Whin, the bob-tailed fox and a grass line promised a hunt, but the fox knew of a refuge, and the Askham bob-tail lives for another day. But while the huntsman went on to another covert the bob-tail was got out and given a fair start. The pack settled eagerly to the line. I was told that hounds were put right by a puppy which had joined the pack. The huntsman put the pack on to this promising youngster, but the delay at the road saved the fox's life. X.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

LADY RITCHIE inherits no small number of those gifts which distinguished her father. Lightly can she wield a satire no less pointed than his, as witness the Introduction to her new book, *From the Porch* (Smith, Elder). She adduces the testimony of a well known American woman of letters, Miss Fanny Repplier, who lamented that she had been born a century too late for Success:

She appeals to *Evelina*, that work admired by Johnson and Burke; she points to Hannah More, whose tragedies drew tears and praise from Garrick, whose tracts reached Moscow and made their edifying way to Iceland itself. Tracts, such as *Charles the Footman* and the *Shepherd of Salisbury Plain*, are also said to have been found by a missionary in the library of the Rajah of Tanjore. "Those were the days to live in," cries Miss Repplier, "when families tore the *Mysteries of Udolpho* to pieces in their eager interest, when the astounding Miss Seward dazzled the literary world; and unfortunates born a hundred years too late may look back with wistful eyes upon an age which they feel themselves qualified to have adorned!"

This may be described as an adroit use of the hat-pin, the deadliest weapon with which Nature has invested the feminine critic. It suggests that there may be a certain amount of raillery behind the glowing account which Lady Ritchie gives of her own early contemporaries. There was Miss Young, Miss Braddon, who is still a weaver of spells—Thackeray liked "*Lady Audley's Secret*"—and she enumerates others whose works probably do not thrill the rising generation as they did their own. George Eliot probably made the most enduring reputation. Of her she gives the following pleasant recollection:

I once had a talk with George Eliot. It was in winter time with the snow lying on the ground. She sat by the fire in a beautiful black satin gown, with a green-shaded lamp on the table beside her, where I saw German books lying and pamphlets and ivory paper-cutters. She was very quiet and noble, with two steady little eyes and a sweet voice.

On the authority of a friend she tells us how the great writer suffered from her susceptibility to outward influences and criticisms. One does not quite understand how she can work in George Eliot and Mrs. Oliphant as rulers in the different kingdoms of fancy. The latter played herself out in early life, and never did justice to her own splendid talents. Of another great writer of her early youth she says:

As a child I can remember Charlotte Brontë talking to my father with odd inquiring glances; as a girl I heard of her from her friends and admirers. Only the other day a characteristic story was told me by Mr. Reginald Smith. When his father-in-law, Mr. George Smith, wished to have Miss Brontë's portrait done, he applied to Mr. George Richmond, the great painter, who agreed to make the attempt, but who found it almost impossible to catch the likeness, so utterly dull and unresponsive was her expression. For a long time he tried in vain to interest her and awaken any gleam of life; at last by chance he happened to mention that he had seen the Duke of Wellington the day before. Immediately the mask came to life, the light flashed forth, and all was well.

One wonders how all this will read a hundred years hence. Nobody ever lived in a time when literary fashions changed so quickly as they have done in ours, and it is quite possible that they may look upon these torch-bearers with very different eyes. In the chapter called "Quills from the Swan of Lichfield," Lady Ritchie, with the kindest intentions, scarcely succeeds in making us understand how Miss Seward wielded the influence she did in her time. The collection of letters from which copious extracts are made seems to have been very much in keeping with the lady. The style of them may be judged by the following account of a wedding:

The late Mrs. Edgeworth's brother, a worthy agreeable young gentleman, came down from London on purpose, to the wedding, and spoke most warmly in the praise of Mr. Edgeworth. We were a smart cavalcade,—and behold! Mr. Grove graciously condescended to come over to accompany his sister Honora to church. He looked a little grave, but said nothing dis- obliging; I was bridesmaid, the knot was tied at nine o'clock, we then adjourned to Mr. Sneyd's to breakfast. At twelve o'clock, Mr. Edgeworth took the fair sweet bride into his phaeton, and drove off triumphantly. . . . Well may he triumph, for he has obtained a matchless prize. They are now perhaps upon the sea, if prosperous winds waft gently over the happy lovers, "And on the level deep, sleek Panope and all her sisters play."

Perhaps the most interesting chapter in the book is the story of the *Cornhill Magazine*. A great deal of it was made common property in 1910, when the jubilee of the publication was celebrated; but it deserves to be put on permanent record. It is curious to remember that in sixteen days the work was planned and equipped for its long journey. The first number was published on January 1st, 1860, and when the second number was sent to press on January 27th, it went

like wildfire. Of course, it possessed a Thackeray to write its first novel and to become its leading attraction. This formed its send-off; but that it has lived up to so promising a beginning reflects the greatest credit on all who have been connected with its management.

BEAST AND MAN IN AFRICA.

Hunting the Elephant in Africa, by Captain C. H. Stigand. (Macmillan). SO many books, of greater or less merit, treating of the big game of Africa have appeared during recent years that any addition to their number must have exceptional features, either of original observation or of remarkable illustrations, to justify its publication. *Hunting the Elephant in Africa* is not, as its title would suggest, merely a book of big-game hunting; less than a fourth part of the book concerns elephants, the rest treats of such various subjects as native servants, the coloration of insects, stalking the African, African sayings, lions, and hunting the bongo. Captain C. H. Stigand is already well known as a writer on African big-game hunting, of which he is one of the most noted masters at the present time, and he well deserves the praise accorded to him in a "Foreword" by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. But, as well as being a famous hunter, Captain Stigand is a field naturalist of unusual powers, and his observations about the life histories of wild animals are of great value to those biologists whose occupations confine them to cities. Like many other observers, the author is greatly troubled by the protective coloration of animals. "As regards the larger game, the more I consider the subject and the more I see of them, the more am I forced to the conclusion that there is no such thing as protective coloration amongst them, except such as is purely accidental." The writer of this notice has more than once mistaken an elephant for a "candelabra" euphorbia in a district where those trees were plentiful, and on one occasion he failed for some minutes to see at a distance of less than a hundred yards an elephant standing beside a big tree in such a way that it simulated the shadow of the tree. But nobody can suppose that the peculiar conformation and colour of the elephant can often be of service to it in either of these ways. The chapter entitled "Contrasts and Changes" will appeal to all who have travelled in Africa, and will remind them of many days when the prospect of a night out was dispelled by the welcome sight of the camp fire, or when the thirst of miles of sweltering plains was slaked in a mountain-born stream. From the sympathetic way in which Captain Stigand discourses of trackers and native servants we conclude that he has the blessed gift of patience, without which no man can safely travel far in Africa. A chapter on "Camp Hints" contains some useful "tips," to which we will contribute one other: A small tin of Yeast Cakes (price about one shilling) will make bread enough to last one man for a year and is no less effective than banana wine, which is often difficult to procure. Although the book is written in a somewhat slangy manner without any pretence to literary style, it is a useful contribution to African literature.

HERALDRY.

A Grammar of English Heraldry, by W. H. St. John Hope. (Cambridge University Press.)

DR. ST. JOHN HOPE has rendered a real service to the beginner of the study of heraldry by brushing away much of the terrifying jargon which is used to describe coats of arms. In the Middle Ages, when heraldry took a real place in the pageantry of life, the divisions of shields, the charges and the colours, were set out in plain language. The sixteenth century saw the official heralds turned into a close corporation who thought that their office would be magnified if armorial bearings were made infinitely complicated and obscure. Dr. Hope gives some amusing examples of modern blazons which are miraculously confused by the habit of numbering the colours and referring to them as "of the second," "of the fourths," etc. We may enquire with him as to why a thing hanging down cannot be so described instead of being labelled "declinant," and why a maiden's head with golden hair should not be set down in those words instead of "crined or." It may be hoped that the younger generation attracted by this branch of archaeology, where history and art meet so pleasantly, will take their instructions from Dr. Hope, and other writers such as Mr. Oswald Barron, who have striven hard to make heraldry intelligible and to free these students from the necessity of learning a long and preposterous jargon.

NOVELS.

South-Sea Shipmates, by John Arthur Barry. (T. Werner Laurie.)

WHEN the last book of a writer is published, the pleasure of reading it is naturally coloured with melancholy; but although one cannot help regretting the death of Mr. J. A. Barry from ptomaine poisoning at the age of sixty, there can be no question but that this posthumous volume has all the vigour and cleverness, the romance of wild adventure and the atmosphere of the South Seas in as high a degree as any of its predecessors. We hope some brief but adequate account will be given of Barry's life, as the sketch prefixed to this volume shows that it might be very interesting indeed. He was English born, but went to sea at a very early age, and landed in Australia during the seventies, when the gold fever was at its height. Thus spells ashore alternated with ocean voyages, and he secured an intimate knowledge of bush life as well as of the South Seas. The volume before us consists of ten short stories, slung together as the adventures of two sailor mates. They are packed with thrilling incidents. Indeed, the South Seas furnish almost the sole remaining district in the world where romance in the old sense of the word is still possible. Here we have stories told that would be incredible of any other part of the world. Yet the author makes us believe in them whether we will or not, and among the diversity of native breeds and outcasts from

civilised countries nothing is too extraordinary to happen. At any rate, one reads the stories with breathless interest, and closes the book full of regret that he who wrote them will write no more.

Hagar, by Mary Johnston. (Constable and Co.)

WHEN Hagar Ashendyne was twelve years of age she showed the stuff she was made of when, in discussing theological problems, she announced to a compeer, with extraordinary subjective consciousness for one so lacking in years—we were about to say young—her attitude towards the Bible by saying: "I believe I believe in the Bible." Later, there never was a young woman with a more fixed determination to air her views in measured language than this terrible example of what a clever woman ought not to be. Discussion is the breath of life to Hagar Ashendyne, who, on coming to New York from Virginia, needed no particular help in finding her way about, since she could "orientate" herself well. There is a characteristic conversation from which we should like to quote. "'I sometimes think,' said Hagar, at twenty-seven, 'that the trouble with me is that I am too general. My own sharp inner struggle was for intellectual and spiritual freedom. I had to think away from concepts with which the atmosphere in which I was raised was saturated. I had to think away from creeds and dogmas and affirmations made for me by my ancestors. I had to think away from the idea of a sacrosanct Past and the virtue of Immobility—'" It may be seen that this sample of the New Woman of a past decade was rather heavy in hand for an admirer, even so interested an one as Denny Gayde—in suffering this infliction gladly—showed himself to be. The book is dull, and that because its author has pocketed her sense of humour before setting to work on what might have been an

extremely interesting novel dealing with the beginning of the woman's movement in America. Yet thought and a large discrimination have gone into the story of Hagar Ashendyne; and, since Miss Mary Johnston's is a mind to be reckoned with, this book should not be left unread.

Fortune's Frown, by John Bloundelle-Burton. (Everett.)

THERE is not over-much of the Spanish Inquisition in *Fortune's Frown*, though it is described as a romance of those fierce times. It is only with his mother's death that Edmund Tyrrell discovers himself not the son of Sir Henry or Lady Tyrrell, but a child stolen by Lady Tyrrell from Antony van Heim, a rich merchant of Flanders who had once been her lover. At the time of the child's birth the Netherlands were groaning under the savage rule of Charles of Spain, and Antony van Heim, turning to the New Faith, was thrown into the Citadel of Antwerp, there to remain a prisoner for nearly thirty years. Anxious to discover his real parents, Edmund Tyrrell makes for Flanders, and there, though using another name, discovers himself suspected and hated by those who have laid claim to Antony van Heim's possessions. The narrative is a sufficiently stirring one, but the dialogue, of which, fortunately, there is little, is melodramatic; in particular in the scene between Lorenz and Albert van Heim, when the younger man tells his father that Edmund is killed. The story itself at this point is infected by the same stogy and unreal atmosphere, the so far not unnatural Claudia suddenly adopting the character of a fifth-rate actress who declaims volubly and at length in the moment of would-be high tragedy. On the whole, though we have read the novel through, it must be confessed that the second half was only followed on account of the first.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

LABOUR IN THE NORTH.

THE tide of emigration towards Canada and other Dominions is having its effect on the supply of labour for the farm and, in the North, good men are in demand at wages even in excess of the comparatively high standard which prevails on both sides of the Border. But the shortage of women workers is more pronounced than in the case of the men. For many years women have shown an increasing disposition to go into other occupations and to avoid farm work, with the result that the supply is getting scarcer every year, and many farms are under-staffed in the matter of women workers to the extent of 50 per cent. and even more. At present a man who is fortunate enough to have a couple of women can command quite a fancy wage in comparison with his less fortunate neighbour. In these circumstances some farmers are turning their thoughts in the direction of imported labour to level up the shortage in women. The idea simmering in their minds is to divert from Canada to their own farms some part of the stream of boys turned out annually from such institutions as Barnardo's Homes and others of similar character, "Why," say they, "should we allow this supply of good material to leave our shores when we need it at home?" The idea has the appearance of being both sensible and practicable. Of course, there are difficulties in the way, but they should be surmountable. I have heard it suggested that the boys might be housed in a bothy in charge of an under-steward, but there are many objections to such a course, and it would not do. Obviously the simplest and best plan would be if the boys could be lodged singly with families on the farm; but if this were not feasible, they might be lodged in threes or fours with elderly women who are past active work. Some such scheme would have a better chance of succeeding now than it would have had a year or two ago, for the question of better working conditions is in the air, particularly as regards holidays. As is well known, farm workers have no weekly half holiday; their work begins at six (or daylight) on Monday morning, and continues until six (or dark) on Saturday night. But this will be changed within the next year or two at most. The question of the moment is by what means will it be changed, by voluntary means or legislative action? The workers are in a state of keen expectation as regards the holiday question and they are awaiting a move on the part of masters. If masters are wise they will satisfy the "expectation" and not wait until it has become a demand. Some employers are hostile to the idea, some are neutral, a number of amiable men say: "Oh yes! why should not the people have their holiday? I am quite willing." But no one makes the move which prudence dictates. One or two strong men who set out to keep the stream in the voluntary channel would easily succeed and would prevent the rough hand of legislation playing havoc with a delicate machine. I am hopeful that within the next month or so these few strong men will stand out from the ranks of the employers and point the way for their fellows.—J. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AGRICULTURE IN IOWA.

SIR,—While on shipboard I have found much pleasure in reading a bound volume of *COUNTRY LIFE* for 1912, especially the article relating to bird-life. An editorial, entitled "Agriculture in the United States," has attracted my attention, and calls forth these lines. It is very unfortunate that the world in general gains its impressions of the United States of America from very brief visits to New York City, or from the periodicals and newspapers published there. Even among such excellent, sane, broad-minded editorials as appear in the *New York Times* there sometimes appear ridiculous blunders, due to the writer's attempts to give information about portions of his country of which he is ignorant. In addressing you concerning the editorial mentioned above, I shall speak from observations made in my native State, Iowa, a state somewhat larger than England, that possesses a very fertile soil, whose productive capacity is but slightly impaired, except for the production of wheat. But were the elements taken from the soil by wheat-raising fully known and easily restored, the farmers of Iowa would not return to wheat-growing on a large scale while wheat is cheap and pork is dear. Iowa surpasses all her sister States in the production of swine, poultry, eggs, oats and hay, and is outnumbered in cattle by Texas and New York only. The prosperous Iowa farmer sells no grain (except barley sometimes) from his farm, but aims to keep enough hogs, cattle and horses to eat his crops of hay and grain, which are returned to the soil in the form of manure. Probably all the fertilisers bought in the State are from the barns in towns and villages, and the United States Census Reports show that the sum spent on fertilisers is very small. That the farmers of Iowa are prosperous cannot for a moment be questioned. Intensive farming in Iowa makes an acre yield fourfold the amount produced by the best farmers on old lines; but the era for intensive farming has not yet arrived. The world may grumble about the falling off of our exports, and the city people may howl about the high cost of living, but the farmer is not to blame. He gets no more than a fair wage for his work; he is not an "eight hour a day" man, but often he and his whole family work hard seventeen hours per day. Possibly a short sketch of the methods of my nearest neighbour may interest you. Like the other people about us, he and his wife are of German parentage, and thrive by hard work and long hours, but are dull intellectually. He practises a three years' rotation of crops and cultivates upward of 400 acres of land with the aid of three sons—all of whom can do a man's work—two daughters, his wife, and in school vacation that of his youngest child, a girl of twelve years. This year he cultivated 150 acres of corn, and raised 300 hogs, which probably will sell for about 7,000dol. or 8,000dol. (or £1,500 sterling, if you please). About fifteen or sixteen cows are milked, and about the same number of beef animals are marketed annually. I do not know the size of his weekly cream checks. Those of some of his neighbours last May, who milked from twenty to twenty-six cows, were upward of 600lb. The test of richness of this cream I do not know. In addition to his sales of swine and beef cattle, my neighbour, probably, sells some barley, timothy seed, clover seed and eggs. Many of my farmer neighbours do some building every year—bigger barns, better houses. Their only costly luxury is the automobile, in which all indulge. The sons and daughters of some of them have gone to Canada, not because the home acres are worn out, by any means, or because there is lack of prosperity, but because of the lure of new lands, which offer more, sometimes, to the gamblers with fortune than do improved lands. Therefore I must say that your theory for the cause of the emigration from the United States to Canada is incorrect. Our farmers prosper because they are willing to work and do work. With the aid of machinery one man can till 100 acres, and it will suit his pleasure (whether wise or otherwise) to farm his land on this broad scale, without caring a rap whether the exports of the United States increase or decrease until the density of population compels intense cultivation of the soil.—ALTHEA R. SHERMAN, National, Iowa.

ON THE GREEN.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

GREAT SHOTS IN GOLF.—II. WITH THE RUBBER-CORED BALL.

I PROPOSE in this article to give some interesting reminiscences of some of the leading players, dealing almost exclusively with the rubber-cored ball. I begin with J. H. Taylor, who writes: "Circumstances alter cases, and what would be a really good stroke under certain conditions would be commonplace in others. I think, however, that two shots which I made at Hoylake in this year's Open Championship are, considering the importance of the occasion, as good as any I can remember to have made. In the first round I had held my tee shot up a little too much into the wind going to the third hole, with the result that it got into the narrow Cop bunker that runs parallel to the course. The ball was tucked up close under the bank and I had to stand some three feet above my ball. There was a great danger of my missing it altogether, as it required very accurate hitting. Deciding to take the risk, I dug my toes into the bank and hurled myself at the ball. I just got the blade of my mashie at it, nearly tumbling over in the endeavour, but the ball went some fifty yards. Mark the result. I reached the green with my third and holed a four-yard putt. I consider this stroke set me well on the way to winning my fifth championship. I had taken a risk, it had come off, and I had got a four at a hole which looked like costing me six at least. The moral effect was enormous. The other stroke was in the third round, when the wind was blowing a hurricane and the mental strain terrific. I had played sixteen holes well and had driven a good ball at the seventeenth. The wind was blowing across the course and on to the road: I could have played away to the left for safety, but in doing so should probably have taken five to the hole. There is such a thing as being too cautious. One must take risks to win a championship providing they are reasonable. I had to take the risk of playing at the hole and, if the stroke were faulty, of the ball being blown into the road and out of bounds. If the stroke came off I should probably get a four, and a stroke saved at this juncture, with Ray at my heels, would be worth a lot. I decided to take the risk. Using my cleek to keep the ball 'under the wind,' I think I played the shot to perfection. It scarcely rose three feet from the ground and never deviated an inch from the line. It landed on the green and I got an easy four."

This letter of Taylor's is doubly interesting. In the first place it gives a small insight into the workings of the mind of a man who is trying to win the Open Championship and a slight idea of the severe mental strain he must undergo during the play; and in the second place, it goes to confirm a theory of mine that great shots are not necessarily showy ones, and that often only the maker of them knows how good they really are.

James Braid's letter is characteristically modest. "It is difficult," he writes, "to remember all the shots one has played, and although I play very few good ones, I think the following are probably the best, at least in important matches:

"(1) At Sunningdale in the *News of the World* Tournament in 1903. At the last hole I drove into the bunker on the left from the tee. From there I put it about eight feet past the hole and holed out a half stymie. (2) In a foursome at Sunningdale between Harry and Tom Vardon

against J. White and myself. White put me in the ditch on the right of the fifteenth hole, whence I put it nearly dead. I consider this was one of the finest shots I have played. (3) In the championship at St. Andrews, 1905, a run-up shot through a narrow neck at the sixteenth, after taking two to recover from the railway. (4) In the championship at Prestwick, 1908, a very long second over the wall, followed by a good putt for a three."

George Duncan says: "Fortunately, I have only got to go as far back as the recent *News of the World* Tournament, at Walton Heath, to remember two of the best shots I have ever played. The first one was a spoon shot at the down-hill fifteenth against the younger Whitcombe, when I was one down. The distance was about 200yds. and, as I say, *down hill*. I put the ball a yard from the hole, and that won the hole and, in the end, the match. In the final against Braid I played a very good shot out of a deep bunker at the sixteenth, which again won me the match. I had been dorny four, but had lost the fifteenth, and at the sixteenth Braid hit a good drive while I was bunkered. I was lying clean, but had a steep face

to carry only 3yds. from my ball, which faced the hole directly. I preferred, instead of playing straight, to play 6yds. to the left with a cut, so had a full bang with my mashie, and ball finished 8yds. from the pin."

Ben Sayers thinks that the best shot he ever made was in a championship, a chip out of the pond at Muirfield which he holed. That, however, savours somewhat of a fluke, and I think the little man has made one or two more worth recording, notably a putt for a three from the far edge of the sixteenth green in St. Andrews in a blood (and money) match with Andrew Kirkaldy, which he holed, and thereby won the match.

Mr. Laidlay writes: "(1) At the twentieth hole at St. Andrews, in the semi-final of the Amateur Championship, 1889, after Mr. John Ball had played the odds apparently perfectly, I played a full cleek shot close to the hole, got a four and won it; also the championship in the afternoon. (2) At North Berwick in 1900, playing for the Tantallon Medal, going to the third hole I missed my second, and found the ball was uncomfortably near the wall. Knowing that the

field was a very strong one and that a good score was probably required, I took a brassie and risked the shot. I laid it dead, and that was the foundation of the 73 which remained the record of the course till Mr. E. Martin Smith beat it this year." These strokes were of course both made with the gutty. Mr. Laidlay adds: "I was much impressed by a shot Mr. Heinrich Schmidt, the American, played against Mr. Hilton in this year's Amateur Championship at St. Andrews. It was a full driving iron shot on to the ninth green from the bunker just in front of the tee ('Kruger'); not only was the ball in a bunker, but it was also half in water."

Last of my correspondents, whom I have heartily to thank, I will quote Captain C. K. Hutchison: "I certainly consider that two of the greatest shots which I ever witnessed were made by Mr. Robert Maxwell during the final of the Amateur Championship at Muirfield in 1909. The two strokes bore such close relationship to each other that they might almost be regarded as one supreme effort. The player on this occasion was one down with two holes to play in the second round of the final. His opponent had played his tee shot straight down the course in such a manner that a



MR. J. E. LAIDLAY AND CAPTAIN HUTCHISON.

four was practically assured. The hole that day required a drive and short iron or mashie shot, and Mr. Maxwell, either by design or accident, had discovered in the morning that by driving to the extreme left-hand side of the course the approach

could be played up a regular channel leading to the particular hollow on the green where the hole was cut. He played a magnificent tee-shot, and followed it up with such a perfectly played approach that the ball lay dead." F. KINLOCH.

BOMBUS, THE HUMBLE BEE.—I.

BY A. E. SHIPLEY.

THERE is something friendly, something homely about the humble bee which is entirely lacking in the more specialised honey-bee and in the rather terrifying wasp. Perhaps it is the popular delusion that they have no sting which endears them to us. Nevertheless, this is a delusion, for both the queen and the workers have stings and occasionally use them, but the poison is weaker than in their allies and the pain inflicted correspondingly less. On the other hand, certain advantages rest with the humble bee; it does not, like the honey-bee, lose its sting when used, but can withdraw it and use it again another day. Unless handled or misused, however, the queens do not sting human beings, though if the nest be disturbed in an unmannerly way the workers will often strike out. The economy of the household is also more attractive to the average man than is that of the bee-hive. It is less ordered, less specialised, and is carried on more on the lines of the comfortable city firms of a century ago and less on the lines of an up-to-date trust or syndicate. Few trusts or syndicates awake our deeper affections, and, as Bagehot said about Political Economists, "No one really mourns when they die."

Humble bees are dwellers in cool or, at any rate, temperate climates. Perhaps they flourish best about our latitude, but they are found far north passing the seventeenth parallel, and their comfortable and homely booming is a welcome, if unexpected, note in the monotonous wastes of Greenland, Siberia and Alaska. But few species occur in the Tropics, though they are found high up in the Himalayas. Africa does not know them except along the Mediterranean Coast, and, until introduced into New Zealand, they were absent from Australasia.

Altogether there are some hundred species of *Bombus* with a very large number of varieties or sub-species. Of these, seventeen species occur in our islands. The genus differs from other bees in many particulars, but two of the most striking are manifestly well adapted for life in cold regions; the body is short and stout and the hairy covering is unusually dense and thick. To distinguish one species from another is no easy task; to begin with, we have three grades with which to deal—the queens, the workers and the males. The last named can be determined by the outline of the armature, which corresponds with the sting in the female, but care must be taken in investigating this, as the parts of this complicated structure are easily displaced and the outline of the whole is thus altered. Much also depends on the colour markings, and here the admirable colour-photographs published by Mr. Sladen in his monograph on the humble bee cannot fail to be of the greatest use to naturalists. Still the colour is apt to vary within the species, and in systematic work it is quite usual to speak of "light specimens" and "dark specimens." Further, the colour of the hairs is apt to fade with time and, altogether, there are many pitfalls before the systematist in humble bees.

If we try to trace the history of the humble bees' nest we may begin with the queen in the late summer. The active season of such a nest is shorter than that of *Apis* or *Vespa*, the closed time longer. The final activity of the corporate life is the rearing of queens in the later part of July or in August. Once grown up the queen, as a rule, soon leaves the nest, but she is "a shy bird" and hides herself away in some cranny or among some *débris*. Here she is diligently sought for by the males, which pause at every likely spot and emit a very pleasing scent, possibly to attract the queens. Sometimes they try to intercept their brides as they leave the nest, but in any case the queen, once fertilised, abandons her home, which soon falls into decay, and seeks for winter quarters. Before leaving the nest she has filled up her crop with honey, and this must suffice her for food during the next nine months or so, when she is *en retraite*. The queens of some species (*B. terrestris*) like to winter in burrows under trees, those of others (*B. lapidarius*) high up in banks. But whatever habitat is chosen, damp must be avoided and the aspect must be northerly. This latter is also true of hibernating wasps, and the explanation is not far to seek. The burrowing

insects are aroused to activity by the warm spring sunshine; should their winter home face south, a single exceptionally warm winter's day would awake them. They would emerge to find the world unready for them and perish without founding a colony. Getting up too early with them is as fatal as not getting up at all. The retreat of the queen, at any rate in the species *B. lapidarius*, is often revealed by little heaps of sand or earth, excavated as she tunnels the bank to a depth of two or three inches. At the end of the tunnel she carves a spherical cell an inch or more in diameter. At first she sleeps but lightly, and if disturbed by any cause will emerge from her "cell" and fly away to build another; but as winter approaches and the days become cold, she sinks into a deep lethargy, simulating death. This torpor lasts nine months. Those species who go early to bed begin to stir as early as March; those that retire later may not resume their activities until May or even June.

As the spring advances the queens reappear, and "may be seen busily rifling the peach blossom, willow catkins and purple dead-nettle," but at first they nightly retire to their hiding places. Soon, however, as the days lengthen, the desire for starting the colony becomes irresistible, and a home is sought out, usually one already made and abandoned by some field mouse or other small mammal. For most of the nests are underground, and are approached by a tunnel which may be three feet in length. Other species—and these are the so-called "carder bees"—construct nests of moss and grass on the ground, but hidden from sight in thick grass or under ivy. Having started her home, the first concern of the queen is to orientate herself so that she may find her way back to it, and this she does by a series of trial flights in ever-widening circles. Now she begins to collect both pollen and honey, and mixing the two, constructs in the centre of the nest a stumpy pillar of this pollen paste, on which she moulds a circular wall of wax. In this rough cell she lays her first batch of eggs, usually about a dozen, and seals this common chamber by wax manipulated with her jaws. The ova are large, much larger than those of *Apis*, 2.5mm. to 4mm. in length, elongated, like sausages. Over them the queen broods, and, except to gather food, does not leave them night or day. Provision must, however, be made for a "rainy day," and to this end she prepares a waxen, spherical honey-pot of considerable size, perhaps three-quarters of an inch in diameter—a fragile affair of thin and soft wax, but water-tight and capable of lasting some weeks. Set in or near the entrance of the nest, it affords a readily accessible store of food to the queen as she passes in and out. Owing to the amount of wax required, the honey-pot takes some days to make, and when made it is constantly being remodelled. In the morning, when it is half empty, its walls are lowered, to be rebuilt, and the orifice narrowed at night-time, when it stands full. The honey itself is thin and watery, much more so than the finished product of the honey-bee. "Weak but palatable," as Mr. F. found the wines of France.

Four days after they are laid the eggs hatch and twelve little curved whitish grubs emerge into their waxen cells. They quickly begin to feed upon their pollen bed, to which fresh pollen is being added by the queen. From time to time, also, she pierces the cell and at first injects a common food of mixed honey and pollen; but later, when the larvæ are larger, each is individually and compulsorily fed. The larvæ now press on the enlarged waxen cell, and soon the position of each can be recognised by a considerable bulge on the outside. In a week they are full grown, and now each spins about its body a thin, papery but tough cocoon. This done, the queen removes the remains of the waxen cell and so many pale yellow cocoons, standing on their ends like erect mummies, are revealed to the eye. The cocoons are fused together, and those in the centre of the compacted mass are not so high as those on either side. Thus a groove is formed, and in this groove the queen lies, stretching out her abdomen to an amazing extent. Brooding thus, often motionless for half an hour, she is giving the warmth to the chrysalides which alone is now needed to bring forth the first batch of workers. In eleven days from the cocoon building the perfect

worker is completed, and each, biting an exit, steps into the outer darkness, for it must not be forgotten that the interior of the nest is black as night. At first dishevelled and absurdly weak, the newly emerged worker has at least enough sense to totter to the honey-pot and take a deep draught before returning to nestle in warmth and safety

beneath the body of her mother. In a couple of days, however, the workers are well groomed and are beginning to help in the work of the nest, collecting pollen and honey for the second and later broods of larvæ which arise from successive batches of eggs that the queen has from time to time found leisure to lay.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

DO HOUSE-FLIES HIBERNATE?

It is commonly believed that the persistence of the house-fly from one season to another is ensured by the survival of a certain number of fertilised females, which pass through the winter usually in a dormant condition in nooks and crannies in houses, and become the mothers of the earliest broods of the following year. In spite, however, of the large amount of attention bestowed upon *Musca domestica* during the last few years, owing to the recognition of its importance as a disease-carrier, definite proof that the insect hibernates in the perfect state is still wanting; indeed, Dr. Henry Skinner, as the result of an observation made by him last March at Philadelphia, U.S.A., has recently answered the question at the head of this note by stating that "house-flies pass the winter in the pupal stage and in no other way" (*Entomological News*, Vol. XXIV., No. 7, July, 1913, page 304). This conclusion, it should be noted, is directly at variance with results obtained in this country by both Newstead and Jepson. Did we possess exact knowledge of what happens to the house-fly in the interval that elapses between the disappearance of the last belated stragglers in November and December, and the sporadic invasion of our dwellings in the following June by the earliest skirmishers of the season, it is obvious that we might be able to deal more effectually with an ever-recurring menace to the public health. This point has not been overlooked in the investigations upon "Flies as Carriers of Infection," which for several years past have been carried on by the Local Government Board under the direction of Dr. S. Monckton Copeman, F.R.S.; but hitherto the results have been purely negative. Hibernating flies belonging to several species have been found in attics and elsewhere, but upon careful examination it was found that these did not include a single house-fly. In this matter the importance of accurate determination of species is obvious, and the object of the present note is to enlist during the present winter the sympathetic aid of readers of this journal in securing and forwarding for identification collections of hibernating flies. Such flies may be looked for in attics and other unoccupied rooms, in chinks and crannies in living-rooms, such as the space between a shutter or a loose piece of wall-paper and the wall, and in stables, barns and other outbuildings close to houses. Every consignment of flies so collected, if forwarded (with label stating place and date of capture) either to Dr. S. Monckton Copeman, F.R.S., Local Government Board, Whitehall, S.W., or to the writer, will be gratefully and promptly acknowledged and investigated. The flies should be placed, just as they are, in a small tin box or wide-mouthed bottle, well protected by soft wrapping, and despatched by parcel post. Such parcels, if sent to Dr. Copeman at the Local Government Board and marked "O.H.M.S.," need not be stamped.

ERNEST E. AUSTEN.

British Museum (Natural History), Cromwell Road, London, S.W.

BARKING FROGS.

There have just arrived at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, twenty-five barking frogs (*Ceratophrys ornata*). There

are three species of these interesting reptiles, all of them found in South America. The barking noise, from which they take

their name, is made only by the males, which are provided with a large sub-jugular sac. We hope to give a more complete account of these frogs in another number.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE PLUMAGE BILL.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—IN COUNTRY LIFE of the 27th ult. a writer in "Wild Country Life," in crediting the members of the "trade" with a genuine grievance

against the Plumage Bill, quotes Professor H. M. Lefroy's statement in the *Times* of the 8th ult., that "there is no doubt that the extermination of 95 per cent. of the rose-ringed parrot of India would be a very great benefit to the Indian cultivator." This argument is not new. It was used by the London Chamber of Commerce when, on behalf of a certain section of the trade in London, it appealed to the Bombay Chamber of Commerce with a view to obtaining the support of the latter Chamber to repeal the law which prevented the export of feathers from India. In its reply, dated March 4th, 1910, the Bombay Chamber, after pointing out that the prohibition was meant not only to prevent beautiful birds being exterminated, but also to prevent useful birds being reduced in numbers, took severally the species in which the London feather dealers were "interested" and showed how each was distinctly beneficial to the agriculturist. Lastly, it dealt with the parrot. "Their main food," it stated, "consists of the fruit of the wild fig tree and other berry-bearing plants and trees which are of no use to mankind. They occasionally appear amidst cultivation, but the toll they exact on grain and garden fruit is comparatively insignificant and the damage they do in this way is probably exaggerated by those who have an interest in their destruction. . . . Unless the ryot himself desires their extermination, it is not considered advisable to even make them an exception of the law. Besides, it may be pointed out that Lord Morley has already laid it down in his orders to the Government of India, dated 2nd July, 1909, that he would not 'create an exception that might endanger the whole measure.'" On the 25th of last month I received a letter from the secretary of the Bombay Chamber of Commerce, in reply to an enquiry of mine, assuring me that the opinion of his Chamber had not changed in the matter of the export of the plumage of the parrot. How, then—unless we are to admit that dealing in the property of others, against the express wish

of the owners of that property, is consistent with Great Britain's view of commercial probity—can anyone in this country reasonably ask: "Why stop the import to England of the plumage of the Indian parrot?"—JAMES BUCKLAND.

THE SEALS OF THE PACIFIC.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I send you a photograph of a seal (*Zalophus* sp.) from the Pacific Coast. The photograph was taken in the lake of the Toronto Riverdale Zoo.—T. HAYWARD.

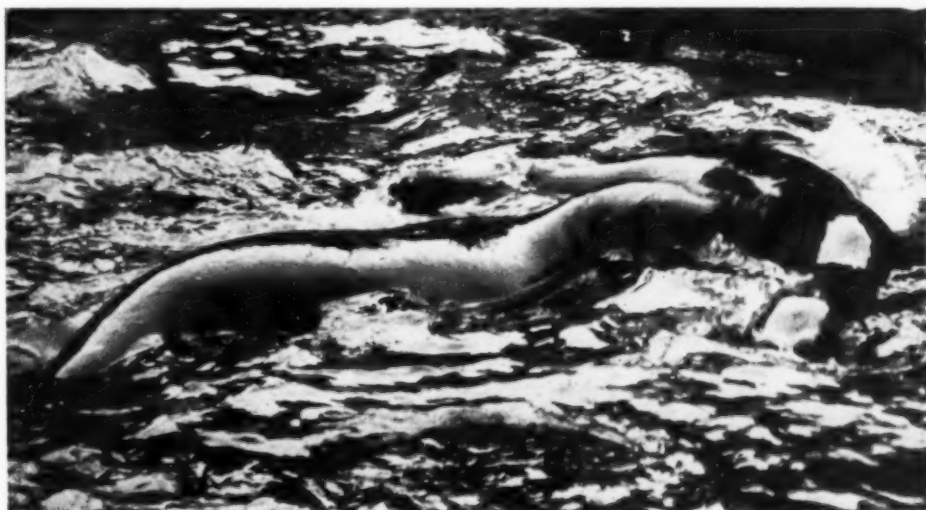
TAME RAVENS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I have been interested in your correspondence as to tame ravens. I have a pair of ravens, but I have never succeeded in getting them into really fine plumage. Would your correspondent who wrote the letter "Tame Ravens" in your issue of December 27th give me full particulars of how they were fed? Has the food to be soft food or hard? I



W. S. Berridge. BARKING FROG. Copyright.



SEALS IN A CANADIAN ZOO.

should greatly appreciate full particulars of your correspondent's system of feeding and any other notes that would help me with this pair of ravens.—L.

[We wrote to our correspondent, who kindly replies: "The secret of the raven's good health and splendid plumage is easily given. Raw beef and raw beef and raw beef! Plenty of water for baths and freedom. I daresay change of diet helped matters. Twice a week I fed them on raw ox liver; once a week on fish (cooked and uncooked); once a week they had raw rabbit heads, with the fur on, besides the beef; now and again they had

rats. Mice they despised; small birds they liked, and no doubt blood and feathers and fur were all good for them. For treats, cheese, milk puddings, bits of cake, biscuits and hens' eggs. They went pretty much where they liked in their clipped wing days, and this means much hopping about on the gravel drive, where they were ever busy picking up grit and stones. When they had full wing-power they reached their great beauty; no doubt the exercise gave the top polish. I fed them four times a day, giving them the beef in lumps cut from the shin. They would each eat five to six ounces a day."—Ed.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

WILD GARDENING IN ROCKY AND WASTE SITES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A correspondence now in progress in the *Scotsman* respecting a winter garden for Edinburgh brings to mind the fine opportunity that the Northern capital shares with some other Scottish cities and public places, such as Stirling Castle, for the further adornment of their splendid rocky masses by a planting of a few beautiful native things, such as would thrive and take care of themselves and spread by natural seeding. It has already been suggested, and the idea is such an excellent one that it deserves to be further advocated. Such planting would have to be done with the greatest restraint, for nothing that looked like gardening in the ordinary way would be suitable. But if the rocky pile of Edinburgh Castle showed in one region and in abundance, the grey foliage and soft red bloom of the red valerian (*Centranthus ruber*); in another the beautiful blue spikes of viper's bugloss (*Echium vulgare*), both handsome plants that delight to send their roots deep down into rocky fissures; if shelving clefts showed the Scottish bluebell (*Campanula rotundifolia*) in clouds of lovely little nodding flowers, with also the native Cheddar pink and its near varieties, these noble rocks, while retaining their own rugged grandeur, would become more intimately delightful with the tender grace of flower beauty. These few kinds of plants, with perhaps wall-flowers of one of the wilder sorts, would probably be enough, at any rate for a beginning; for in places of natural grandeur a great number of other points of interest might be a source of perplexity and confusion. But these native plants, specially suitable for this simple way of planting, would be a joy to thousands of people, many of them very poor and with no garden for flowers of their own. The question of dealing in some such way with the great Castle Rock of Edinburgh and other places of this character is one that may be earnestly commended to the consideration of those municipal authorities who have these places in their charge. Such considerations set one wondering, further, about the hideous expanses of waste products that deface the country in the many districts of mining and manufacture; whether nothing could be done to plant old pit-heaps and other mounds of waste stuff? No doubt it would be idle to attempt to plant on fresh slag and on much of the recently heaped mining waste; but Nature is so kind and so willing to foster vegetation that there must be numberless older heaps where the hardiest trees and bushes—birch and mountain ash, thorns and brambles—would thrive and convert unsightliness to beauty. The earliest attempts, and those that have only the prospect of a doubtful issue, had better be by sowing seed, for a seedling plant, if the conditions are good enough for its germination, will, from the beginning, find its own rooting way deep down in stony waste. There must be whole populations in such regions who never see a wild rose or a spray of honeysuckle, while yet in their near neighbourhood there may be abundant possibility of their having these precious things. It would be a good work if one person would make such a trial of planting, with the hope that, if it proved a success, a county association might be formed to carry it further.—GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

THE COUNTRY HOUSE DAIRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with considerable interest your article on "The Country House Dairy," in your issue of January 3rd; but there are one or two points which might be added to your article which would make it a good deal clearer to the average owner of a country house who keeps cows. In the first place your article does not suggest exactly what kind of cow is being written about. Now, personally, I keep pedigree milking Jerseys, and I find that I cannot, with twenty-four cows, all first or second calf heifers, always in milk, average more than 700 gallons or 800 gallons per cow, and I find, from looking up records of other herds, that this is a really good average, and considerably above many herds of Jerseys. My cost of feeding works out at £16 1s. 1d. per year per cow; but then, one has to remember that the milk of a Jersey cow is nearly twice as rich in butter fat as the ordinary shorthorn. Therefore, unless the article clearly sets out the kind of cow referred to in the article, one might be keeping shorthorns which are only giving about half the percentage of butter of the Jersey, and giving a little more milk, and will, in fact, be getting far less value for money. This is a point that wants to be made quite clear to all amateur cow-keepers. Another point I think reference should be made to, and that is that people living on heavy clay land cannot hope to have their cows out, unfortunately, for much more than 165 days in the year. In the district where I live we have weald clay, and we cannot put our cows on the pasture, as a rule, from November until almost the end of April, as they would simply tread the pasture to pieces. Of course, 1913 has been a most exceptional year; but then, again, I find cows turned out in the winter, even when the pasture will carry them, seldom

seem to benefit by it, as they very quickly get tired of eating the grass available in winter, and stand about looking miserable. I find the best way to keep mine in health in the winter is to give them all a walk on the hard road at least once a day, and keep them in well ventilated houses for the rest of the period. There is another tip worth giving for those who have got poor clay grass land, and that is the wonderful effect of basic slag. My farms, when I took them, were in a very bad state, having had bad milk farmers on them, who merely took everything out of the land and put nothing back, but a regular dressing of slag and lime so improved the quality of the milk and thus, of course, both the butter and cream, that at the last Dairy Show at the Agricultural Hall I entered some cream, and it was awarded the first prize in the open competition; and I put this entirely down to the fact that I have kept the cows in very good health and also put plenty of lime and phosphates into the pasture. It has a most marked effect on the flavour and quality of the milk. Another way in which I check the feeding of my cows—and I find it very efficacious—is to have the cows weighed regularly. One can then very quickly see what is being taken out of them, if they are insufficiently fed or if they are being too well fed, as by comparative records I am now able to see pretty clearly how the cows' weight should fluctuate and the periods in which they should increase or decrease. From my feeding and weighing sheets I can almost watch the health of my cows from a distance as well as by inspecting them daily. A weigh-bridge is a most invaluable test of their health and condition.—S. F. EDGE.

TWELVE OUTDOOR BOOKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There is a little organisation in this country known as the South African Home Reading Union. They work to some extent along the same lines as the National Home Reading Union in London, but particularly endeavour to provide matter of South African interest and character in their organ, the *South African Bookman*, and in the courses of reading suggested for the guidance of their members. It has been suggested that a course of reading on outdoor life or the open air would be suitable. We should have to waive, of course, our predilection for South African books in this case. Now, could we trespass so far upon your time and good nature as to enquire the names of, say, a dozen books on the outdoor life? The sort of books in such a list would, I think, be Lucas' "The Open Road" and one or two of Jefferies'. But you would know, and any list you compiled would be sufficiently authoritative; anything we compiled would not. The books would have to be cheap—five shillings is about our limit, and two shillings and sixpence or the "Everyman" shilling is a great deal more popular. Would you care to say offhand which dozen books you would recommend in the circumstances?—CHARLES CHRISTIE, Pretoria.

[Nearly all the best English literature from the works of Chaucer to those of Robert Bridges is instinct with the open-air feeling, so that the term outdoor books is misleading. Nevertheless, the following may be recommended as a library of twelve: "The Complete Angler," White's "Selborne," Jefferies' "Gamekeeper at Home" and his "Wild Life in a Southern County," "The Open Road," "Wordsworth's Prelude," Morris's "The Waters of the Wondrous Isles," Thoreau's "Walden," "Handley Cross," "The Forest Lovers," Fitzgerald's "Euphrates," and Whyte-Melville's "Katerfelto." No doubt our readers could supply lists as entertaining and valuable.—Ed.]

THE PLEASURES OF BEING A "SHRUBBER."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read with great interest Mr. Eden Phillpotts' article on shrubs in last week's *COUNTRY LIFE*, those portions being particularly entertaining which dealt with the absorbing attractions that shrubs have for a great number of men. I was talking last June to a horticulturist, and he, while speaking of a mutual friend, exclaimed, "Oh! he has become a 'shrubber.'" This, it seems to me, is a most delightful expression, and describes very aptly those who take up the cultivation of shrubs with any keenness. In my own experience—and I meet a good many keen gardeners—I find that the longer a man has been interested in gardening, the more his attention centres around trees and shrubs. On speaking of this to one of the keenest and best informed horticultural men I have ever met, he said that this was undoubtedly the case. For as one grows older and keenness diminishes for hunting, cricket or any other form of active exercise, so does one's interest in permanent features of the garden increase. To plant is a pleasure of the activity of youth; to watch the development is a joy of the inactivity of age. And now, in confirmation of this opinion, it seems that Mr. Eden Phillpotts (who has so delighted us in former years with articles on the bog garden, Alpine plants and irises) also holds this belief. He has become an ardent "shrubber." He turns to shrubs to find in them the greatest of all consolations that gardening can offer. Shrubs are most certainly coming into their own, and attracting the attention which they deserve, more and more as time goes on. And if only a tenth part even of the shrubs of Western China, so ably described by Mr. E. H. Wilson and others, become permanent inhabitants of our English gardens, then will the "shrubber" of future years be rich in enjoyment. Mr. Phillpotts mentions a few of the choicer things hardy in the West of England. It might not be

inopportune to mention a few of the choicest shrubs of recent introduction hardly here in the East. New collected plants include *Berberis Wilsonae*, *B. aggregata*, *Buddleia magnifica*, *Clematis montana rubens*, *Cotoneaster pannosa*, *C. rugosa Henryi*, *C. humifusa*, *Lonicera nitida*, *Deutzia Wilsonae*,

Potentilla Veitchii, *P. vilmoriniana*, *Hydrangea arborescens grandiflora*, *Rhododendron racemosum*, *Rosa sericea pteracantha*, *Spiraea Aitchisoni*, *Viburnum rhytidophyllum*, *V. Carlesii*, *Vitis henryana* and *V. armata*. Some of the newer hybrids include *Cytisus Dallimorei*, *C. kewensis*, *C. Beani*, *Forsythia spectabilis*, *Philadelphus Rosace*, *P. Norma* and *P. Fantaisie*.—ROBERT W. WALLACE.

THE SNAIL'S FOOTPRINTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Possibly the enclosed photograph may be of some interest. It is the footprint of the common garden snail traced in the moist whitewash of a greenhouse roof. The footprints of insects and such "small deer" form an interesting and not much exploited field for the photographer, many of them being most characteristic.—MAUD D. HAVILAND.

THE MEANDERING ROAD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was interested in the description and photograph in COUNTRY LIFE of December 20th of the vagaries of a workmen's path starting from the same place and arriving at the same place.

This reminds me of the native paths, about a foot wide, and trodden hard, which traverse all Central Africa. They are like Roman roads in disregarding any large obstacle in their ways such as ranges of hills, but are unlike them in shirking the smaller obstacles such as stones, stumps and fallen trees. Savage tribes think more of their own comfort, not considering those that follow after. If a stone lies on the route they wish to take, it is a *laissez faire* policy with them, and the devil take the hindmost! This is not unknown in the nineteenth century, where the cry is, everyone must live their own life. In Henry Drummond's "Tropical Africa," these roads are most graphically described, and as it may interest those who often wonder at the meandering of our country lanes, when the original reason has been forgotten, I will quote the passage: "These deflections are not meaningless; each has some history, a history dating back perhaps some 1,000 years, but to which all clue has for centuries been lost. The leading cause perhaps is fallen trees. When a tree falls across a path, no man removes it. As in the case of the stone, the native goes round it. It is too green to burn in his hut; before it is dry and the white hut ants have eaten it, the new detour has been part and parcel of the path. . . . For persistent straightforwardness in the general and utter vacillation and irresolution in the particular, the African roads are unique in engineering."

When I was a child, I noticed when my father came to a stone or a piece of glass in a country lane he always removed it. When I asked the reason, he said, "In case any poor animal might stumble"! This object-lesson I took to heart, and even to the present day, if the stone is not too big, I roll it away.—C. H. M. JOHNSTONE.

LEFT TO RUIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Reading the letter in your issue of the 3rd inst. by "Senza Nome," I thought the enclosed photograph of a cottage in Throop Village, near Bournemouth, might be considered interesting. It is a typical example of a cottage left to ruin; the roof is now falling in, although the chimney seems in good repair. The walls seem to be partly built of mud and partly brick.—G. A. M. BAKER.



A DERELICT NEAR BOURNEMOUTH.

SIENESE ART.

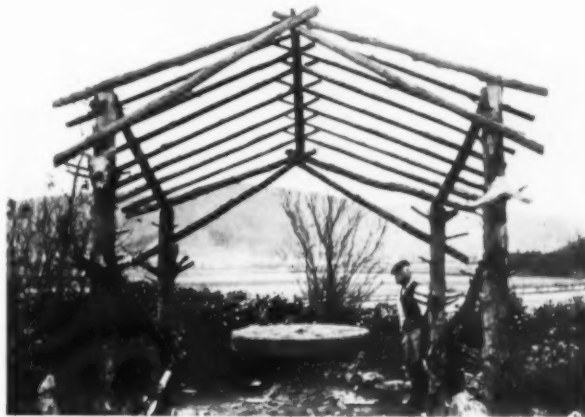
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A French edition of my "History of Siena" has been asked for, and will shortly be published. I am anxious to make the chapters dealing with the art of Siena as complete as possible. I shall, therefore, be glad to receive any information your readers may be able to give me in regard to pictures in private collections by Sieneese masters, or by artists intimately connected with the Sieneese school, such as Pintoricchio and Sodoma. It can be proved by the evidence of documents in Siena, and by references in sale catalogues, that there are, in this country, several missing pictures of the school of Siena, including important works by Duccio, Ugolino da Siena and Pietro Lorenzetti. It is possible that these pictures may be passing under the names of other early masters, Florentine or Umbrian. I shall be grateful to anyone who will assist me to rediscover them.—R. LANGTON DOUGLAS.

THE TRAUQUAIR MILLSTONE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have had my attention called to a letter in COUNTRY LIFE of August 12th, 1912, giving a description of an old millstone at Traquair Mill. In order to preserve it from destruction I have had the stone removed from where it was thrown aside and erected on a suitable pedestal in my garden here, and as it is probably unique I send you herewith a photograph, which perhaps you may care to copy and insert in your interesting publication. Your former correspondent, Mr. Reid, is not quite accurate in his description of the stone. The middle portion is rough sandstone with a hole in the centre eight inches in diameter, and four deep incisions in the form of a cross which were necessary for fixing the axle. The segments are French stone-like lava, which is still used in making similar millstones. The age of this stone may be anything from one hundred to one hundred and fifty years, and as it is current lore that Prince Charlie's Highlanders had their corn ground into



A GUARDED RELIC.

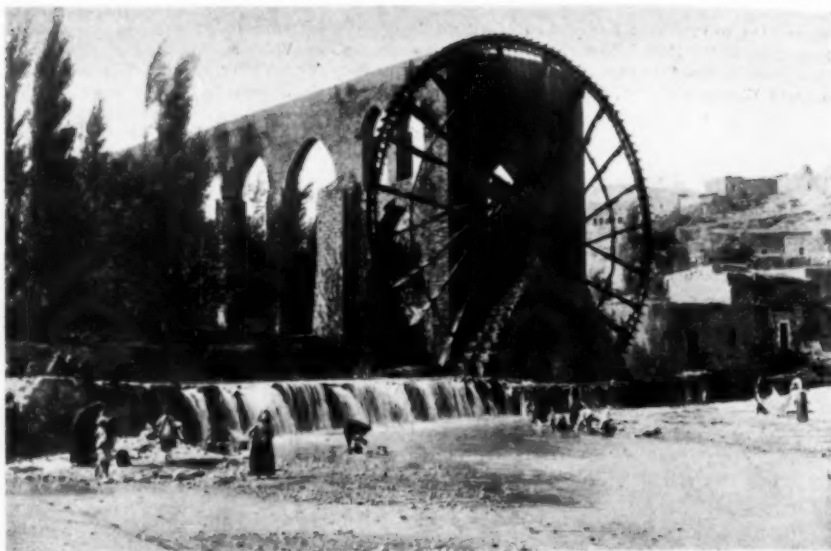
meal at Traquair Mill in 1745, it is not improbable this stone was then in use.—GEO. W. CONSTABLE.

THE WATERWHEELS OF HAMA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Hama, one of the most picturesque towns in Syria, lying some hundred and ten miles north-east of Damascus, is justly famous for its huge waterwheels. Placed upon the banks of the River Orontes, which flows through the city, amid the trees and gardens, these old wheels are a constant element of beauty, which is further enhanced by the black and white striped towers of the mosques and the ancient citadel that dominates the town. The river flows through the city in the form of an "S," and upon its banks are four huge waterwheels. They are used for drawing up the water of the Orontes for irrigation purposes, and also for supplying the town. The wheels are driven by the flow of the river on what is known as the undershot principle; that is to say, the wheel is moved by water passing beneath it. The largest has a diameter of about seventy-five feet. Upon its outer rim are a series of wooden buckets, which raise the water and deposit it in the stone aqueduct above, from which it is carried to the surrounding orchards and vineyards. It is undoubtedly the largest water-raising wheel in existence. Like the others, it is built of wood, a dark mahogany. The axle is of iron. The creaking of the wheels is incessant, day and night. They never stop. In winter and during early spring the flow of the stream is partially blocked to reduce the rapidity of the revolutions, but on no account are the wheels actually stopped. The wheels are the property of the four Lords of Hama, after whom they are named—Azam Zadeh, Teifur, Killani and Barazi. Just where the river makes a pretty sweep there is the Killani wheel. In this picturesque old residence there is a mausoleum, where three of the family ancestors are buried, and rooms looking over the river filled with the pleasant grumbling of the old wheel. Hama's four rulers, powerful Mohammedan families, constitute the aristocracy of the town. Their combined income is probably about £6,000 a year, all derived from land and villages, there being little trade in Hama itself. Before the Ottoman Government was established as firmly as it is now, these four families were the ruling Lords of Hama and the surrounding districts; they are still of considerable weight in the administration of the town, and the officials of the Sultan let them go pretty much their own way, which is often devious. An ancient evil tale is told concerning the tribe of Azam Zadeh, the owner of the largest waterwheel. There was an Azam in past years who, like King Ahab, desired his

neighbour's vineyard, but the owner of it refused to sell. Thereupon the great man laid a plot. He caused one of his slaves to be slaughtered and had him cut into small pieces and buried, not too deep, in a corner of the coveted property, and after waiting a suitable time he sent a message to the landlord, saying: "You have frequently invited me to drink coffee with you in your garden; I will come. Make ready." The man was gratified by this condescension, and prepared a feast. The day came, and with it the Azam prince. The meal was spread under an arbour, but when the guest saw it he declared that the spot selected did not suit him, and led the way to the exact place where his slave had been buried. The host protested, saying that it was a mean corner close to the refuse heaps; but the Azam replied that he was satisfied, and the entertainment began. Presently the guest raised his head, and said: "I perceive a curious smell." "My lord," said the host, "it is from the refuse heaps." "No," said the other, "there is something more"; and summoning his servants he bade them dig in the ground whereon they sat. The quartered body of the slave was revealed and recognised, and on an accusation of murder the lord of the garden was seized and bound, and his pos-



THE WHEEL OF AZAM ZADEH.



THE KNEELING SLAVE.

precincts of Donnington Castle, Newbury. The castle itself is a ruin—badly damaged during the Civil War by the Parliamentary troops—and the solitary remaining tower is inhabited by a caretaker. The sundial stands in a small grass court and is rapidly falling into decay, as the photograph shows. The figure is of wood and plaster, beautifully modelled. It is said to be old Italian work, but neglect and exposure to the weather are rapidly ruining what is, I believe, a unique specimen, deserving of better fate.—GEORGE M. MORRIS.

[This is a most interesting garden ornament, a variant of the Kneeling Slave which exists in lead in so many English gardens. It is most unlikely that its provenance is Italian. It was made in lead by John van Nost at the beginning of the eighteenth century in London, but this example in wood covered in plaster is probably, as our correspondent says, unique. It may be hoped that it will be put under cover and receive any necessary repairs.—Ed.]

ALBINO WATER SHREW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest some of your readers to know that an albino water shrew was recently received at the Natural History Museum. Above, it is wholly white, with the exception of a greyish patch across the shoulders, while below

sessions taken from him by way of compensation. The river and the water-wheels are the favourite rendezvous of the boys of the town. For a few cents some of the more daring will climb up the spokes of the moving wheel to the summit and then jump into the stream beneath them.—H. J. SHEPSTONE.

AN OLD SUNDIAL.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of an old sundial standing within the

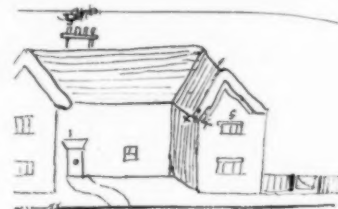
it is pale drabby whitish. It was received from "South Hants," without name of sender, and if the donor should see this note and would kindly communicate his name and address, we should be glad to have them for entry in our registers.—OLDFIELD THOMAS.

PIGEONS UNDER EAVES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can anyone suggest how I might effectually rid myself of somebody's pigeons, which regularly build under the eaves and barge board (marked with crosses) above my bedroom window (f)? These birds are a great nuisance. I cannot sleep after 5 a.m. I am told I may not shoot them. Would an evil-smelling substance placed beneath the eaves cause these birds to quit for good their old haunts? What is it pigeons most dislike, I wonder?—SLEEPLESS LADY.

[If "Sleepless Lady" is not allowed to remove the ledge behind the barge board, on which (presumably) the pigeons build, the simplest way of getting rid of the nuisance is to nail some netting over the corner of the eaves. The netting should be of a small mesh, such as is used for covering strawberries, so that sparrows may not take the place of the pigeons.—Ed.]



SHOWING WHERE THE PIGEONS BUILD.

THE BUFFALOES OF KUTIAS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I photographed this buffalo in the Transcaucasian town of Kutias. I also saw a number to the north of Tiflis. The buffalo was introduced from Egypt into Southern Europe, but these buffaloes in Transcaucasia are probably of Indian origin.—C. H. DICK.



OUT ON HIS OWN.